

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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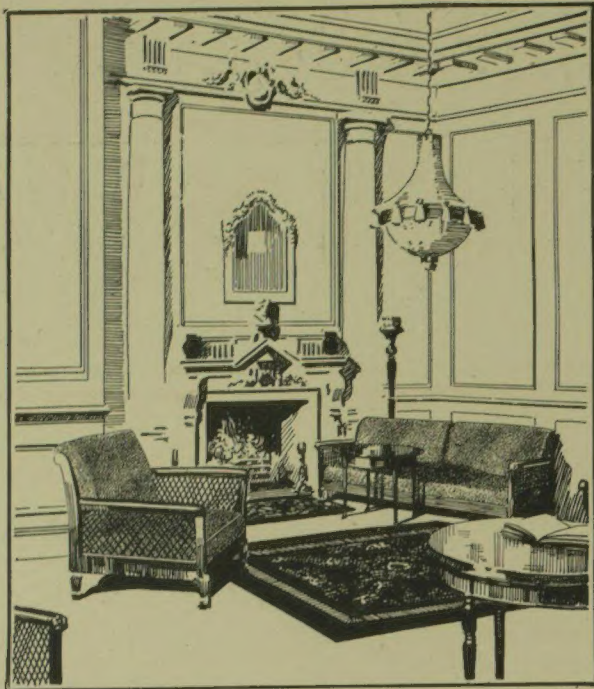
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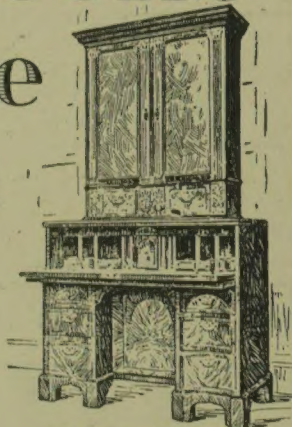
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Distinctive Creations for all Fashion Events, with a note of exclusiveness typical of all Woolland attire now being displayed.

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U 96.—The New Straight Lancered Feather Collar in shaded colourings, finished with Silk Tassels. Also Black and White. Price **5½ Gns.**

U 97.—A beautiful straight Feather Boa. Length 2 metres, to be worn as sketch. Good range of colours. Price **5½ Gns.**

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Tunic and Knickers combined, finished with overskirt of picot edged taffetta frills.

In Black, Navy, Green, Brown, Purple, Cinnamon and dark lacquer Red

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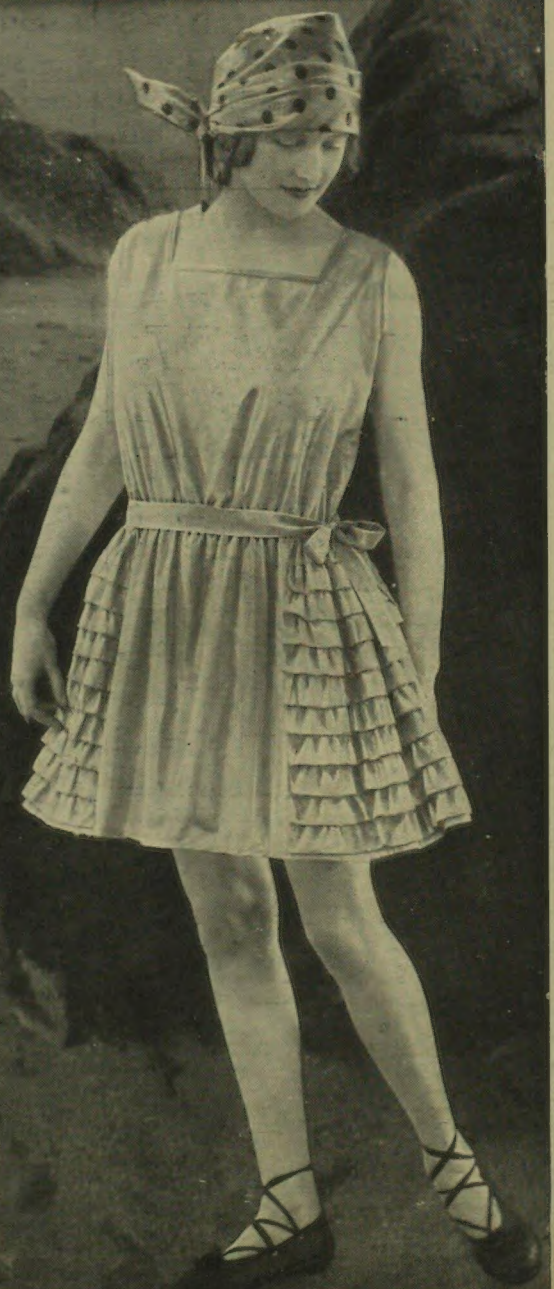
Dutch Bonnet Cap of mackintosh satin, to match 4'6.

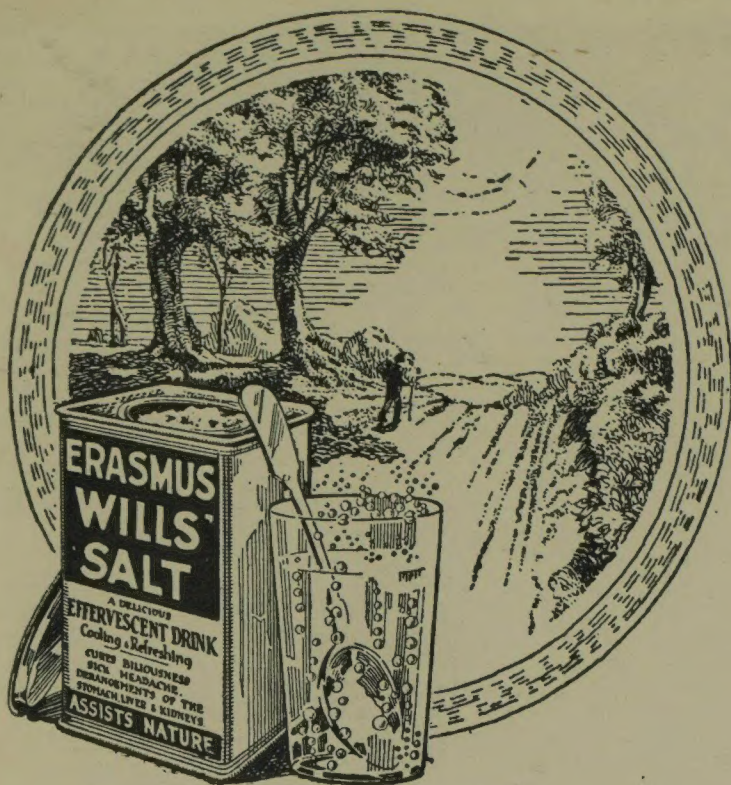
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1924.

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A BATTLE-SHIP DELUGED WITH PHOSPHORUS FROM A 100-LB. BOMB DROPPED BY AN AEROPLANE: A DIRECT HIT ON THE FIRE-CONTROL PLATFORM DURING U.S. BOMBING TESTS—PROOF OF THE AIR MENACE TO CAPITAL SHIPS.

The devastating effects likely to be produced by modern air-bombs on capital ships in any future war were described in a recent number of the "Scientific American," which said: "Above all, it must be remembered that bombers can now operate at *low altitudes*. . . . The bombing tests off the coast of North Carolina opened the eyes of observers who saw it. The smoke-screen and smoke-bombs now make it possible for a fleet of airplanes to attack a fleet of battle-ships

from the extremely low height of 500 ft. at point-blank range. . . . Two or three fast and small airplanes . . . may circle the targets with smoke-screens or curtains. . . . The bombers following up could . . . drop the bombs and disappear behind the smoke-screen. The anti-aircraft gunners have to sweep their pieces through an arc of about 180 degrees within a few seconds, amidst bursting shells, and probably with burning phosphorus running down their necks."

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE PHOTO SCHOOL. BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not easy to differ from so sound a critic as Mr. John Freeman, especially when his criticism is in many respects only too complimentary; but he has made some remarks on my view of history to which I will respectfully take exception here. He appears to represent me as a mere romantic reactionary with a passion for the past as such; one who makes a religion out of the mood of memory. "*Gone, gone, gone!*" mutters Time in his ear, and not the faintest sardonic note in the voice; and *I love, I love, I love* breathes our 'G. K. C.' in unending antiphon." My daily conversation would seem from this to be a little monotonous; but I hardly think that Mr. Freeman has heard my murmurs aright. The first fact that strikes my simple mind about the past is that it is not one thing but twenty thousand things, and that it would be rather difficult for me to murmur that I love them all. All such comparisons of to-day and yesterday are falsified by the simple fact that there really is only one to-day, while there are any number of yesterdays—and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. That very phrase implies that there were more yesterdays than we can ever number, and possibly more fools than we can easily love. I do not love the past in any sense whatever. The past is full of deadly quarrels in which both sides cannot be right, of crucial questions to which one or other answer must be wrong. It contains any number of these evil triumphs and these false philosophies. I do not love the fires of Moloch, or the power of Tyre and Sidon, or the oligarchy of the Spartans, or the human sacrifices of the Druids, or the venal republic of Venice, or the despotic Treaty of Vienna, or the Press Gang, or the cat-o'-nine-tails, or the Blue Laws of New England. If Time points to Louis XI., or to one of the feudal lords who crushed the Peasants' Rising, and murmurs, "Dead, dead, dead," I shall cheerfully reply, "Delighted to hear it." If I suddenly see the face of Castlereagh, I shall not be heard to murmur, "I love, I love, I love." No such murmur will Mr. Freeman be able, with the most anxious attention, to detect on my lips. Indeed, the opinion that Castlereagh is better dead is almost the only opinion in which I should have found myself finally in agreement with Castlereagh. The truth is that, if I had lived through the last hundred and fifty years at least, I should have found myself in nearly all, though not quite all, of the questions on the side of the reformers, and even the revolutionaries. But what I wish to emphasise is that the whole of this way of judging men as partisans of the past or the present is an utterly unthinking and unworkable way of describing them; and is only false in my case because it is false in any case. I have praised certain things in the past, such as the mediæval guilds and fraternities. But I like mediævalism when it was fraternal, and not merely fraternity when it was mediæval.

I suppose, for instance, that if Mr. Freeman found me seated in the ruins of Melrose Abbey (by moonlight, of course) with my head bowed upon my hands, he would imagine that this was just the sort of situation in which Time would be muttering in my ear, "*Gone, gone, gone.*" But he would be mistaken. Time might be reminding me that such sacred ruins were once put up to a vulgar auction, which went rather to the tune of "*Going, going, gone.*" But auctioneers, as well as literary critics, are sometimes mistaken. And when I lifted again the face that I had buried convulsively in my hands, Mr. Freeman would be

surprised to note that I was not weeping, but laughing—a ghastly spectacle in the moonlight. I should be laughing to think how much more likely it is now than it was a little while ago that these ruins may, after all, come back into the right hands. The squires who stole them are in a much weaker position than they were. The religious orders who lost them are in a much stronger position than they were. The whole view of life they represented, the whole society to which they belonged, with its guilds and its just prices, its local patriotism combined with international idealism, its parochial limitations and its links with all Christendom, is more popular to-day than it ever has been since the day it was destroyed. It is ten times better understood than it was ten years ago; twenty

that I am not murmuring in unending antiphon: "I love, I love, I love," but something more like: "I laugh, I laugh, I laugh."

In short, as I have said, I do not like the past; I like certain particular things in the past. I should like them even more in the present. I think it highly probable that I may live to like them in the future. Anyhow, I have very little doubt that other people will live to like them in the future; and that Time, so far from sobbing to a plaintive lute that they are gone, gone, gone, is much more likely to announce with a trumpet that they have returned. But I am not such a fool as to suppose that they will reappear in the future precisely as they appeared in the past; nor do I in the least desire them to do so. There were a great many mediæval faults or limitations that clogged the clear working of the best mediæval ideas, and these I should be the last to wish to restore. There were a great many mediæval accidents and fugitive chances and mischances which nobody could possibly restore. But that distinction applies quite as much to any other social ideals as to the ideal of guilds or religious brotherhoods. A man who calls himself an Imperialist is using a Roman word; but he does not necessarily mean that King George ought to ride through Wembley with a train of captives and a slave perched behind him whispering: "Remember that you are mortal." A man who calls himself a democrat is using a Greek word; but he does not necessarily mean that all the householders in Hammersmith ought to vote with oyster-shells, or copy any other detail of the Athenian democracy. These men mean that they believe that the imperial principle or the democratic principle is not dead, but rather is all the more young for being old. It is equally absurd, or even more absurd, to accuse us of wanting to restore all the decorations and details of the Middle Ages. As a matter of fact, it is generally our opponents who do restore those decorations and those details; and then suggest that there was nothing more in the Middle Ages than decorations and details. The mediæval externals have been revived at every modern fancy-dress ball, at every modern pantomime or pageant. But it is the men who make fun of monks who dress up as monks. It is the man who does not believe in Robin Hood who says he is Robin Hood. Those who see nothing but fun in the costume of Crusaders are naturally those who see nothing but folly in the idea of Crusades. The very contrary is the case with those who are mediævalists in the only sense in which I am a mediævalist. We know better than they do that it is not the habit that makes the monk.

We know better than they do that a man might have the virtues and vows of St. Francis in a billycock or in a Turkish turban. The only thing we value in the Crusade is the only thing which the romantic revivalist is rather apt to leave out of it—that particular decorative detail of the Crusade that is called the Cross. We desire to create a certain social system upon certain intellectual principles, different indeed from those of the modern world, and perhaps more resembling those of the mediæval world. But it is the principles we care about and not the period. And as we can defend those principles on their merits, we expect them to be attacked on their merits; and with something more cogent than the notion that, in our eyes, the only merit of mediævalism is in being dead, when we only love it for being so much alive.



THE ENGLISH TENOR WHO MADE A BRILLIANT DÉBUT AT COVENT GARDEN IN "LA TOSCA": MR. ALFRED PICCAVER.

Mr. Alfred Piccaver's rendering of the part of Mario Cavaradossi in "La Tosca" at Covent Garden, his debut at that theatre, revealed him as a singer of the first rank. He is an Englishman, having been born at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, in 1888, and although when he was a boy his father emigrated to Albany, New York, he has retained his British nationality. Originally trained as an electrical engineer, he declares that he first studied singing only "as a joke." Then he took it up seriously, went to Milan for tuition, and joined an Italian company in Prague in 1910. There he stayed three years, until he became the chief tenor of the Vienna Opera, the first Englishman to hold that position, which he still occupies.—[Photograph by Ernst Förster, Vienna.]

times better understood than it was twenty years ago. The millionaires who made their money in the vulgar and unhistorical interregnum do not understand it yet; and therefore it is nowhere to be found in their newspapers. But they are the most ignorant part of the population; and the bewilderment of their faces is delightful to watch. All sorts of other people, in all sorts of other ways, are beginning to understand that there was a good deal to be said, not for the past (which is nonsense), but for the only things in the past that I have ever praised. Therefore, Time is not murmuring in my ear, "*Gone, gone, gone.*" but rather, if I may use the refrain of a ballade I once wrote, "We shall be ready when the gods return." At any rate, some of us will be ready when the guilds return, which is more practical. And therefore, if Mr. Freeman will listen more intently, he will realise

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Owing to the necessity of advancing our Editorial arrangements on account of Whitsuntide, we have been unable to prepare any further Anaglyphs for immediate publication, but our readers may expect to see further interesting Anaglyphs in an early issue. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1139, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

TO PREVENT ANOTHER "TITANIC" DISASTER: BLOWING UP ICEBERGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. CHARLES E. MUNROE, PRESIDENT OF THE WASHINGTON ACADEMY OF SCIENCE COMMITTEE ON EXPLOSIVES INVESTIGATIONS.

EFFECTED BY
TWO MINES
OF T.N.T. AT THE
END OF A
CABLE WHICH
WAS SHOT OVER
THE TOP OF THE
ICEBERG AND
LOWERED
AGAINST ITS
OPPOSITE SIDE
30 FT. UNDER
WATER:
THE EXPLOSION.



AFTER THE
EXPLOSION:
A THIRD OF THE
ICEBERG
SHATTERED INTO
FRAGMENTS AND
THE 'REMAINDER
SPLIT VERTICALLY
INTO TWO
SEPARATE
BLOCKS, WHICH
BROKE UP AND
DISAPPEARED
WITHIN TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS.

After the disaster to the "Titanic" on April 15, 1912, through collision with an iceberg, an international scheme was devised for the destruction of icebergs in the North Atlantic, and in 1913 two United States cruisers were employed in warning ships by wireless of the approach of icebergs and in attempts to destroy them by gunfire. The task has recently been renewed, in the light of war experience with explosives, by an American cruiser, using mines of T.N.T. The first attempt failed, as the mines were not sunk deep enough, and the berg was protected by an outer mass of floating fragments of ice. The second time, however, a cable

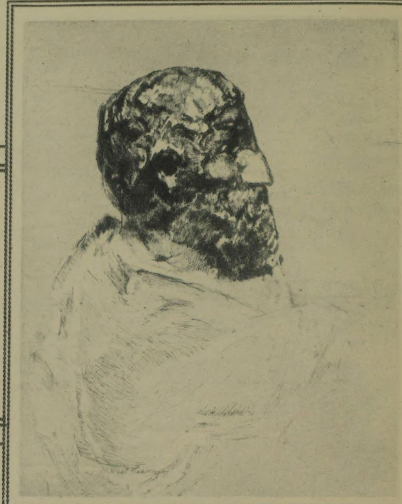
was fired right over the top of the iceberg, by a special gun, and the two mines were attached to the end of the cable and lowered to a depth of 30 ft., so as to come in contact with the actual berg. (Only about a ninth part of an iceberg, it should be remembered, rises above the surface; the bulk of it is submerged.) When the explosion occurred, a mass of ice broke away, and the berg began to rise visibly in the water. Then it suddenly divided into two blocks, by a clean and almost vertical split. Twenty-four hours later these two masses had disappeared, completely disintegrated, for the shock had driven deep cracks through them.

“TRUE PORTRAITS” OF THE AUTHORS OF THE GOSPELS:

REPRODUCED FROM “THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH,” BY GUSTAVUS A. EISEN. INTERNATIONAL



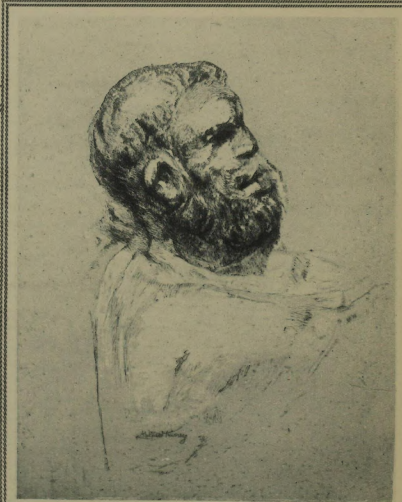
IDENTIFIED BY HIS DECIDEDLY GREEK FACE, THE HEAD-BAND, AND THE ABSENCE OF A HAIR-LOCK: ST. LUKE (FIGURE 6) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.



A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. LUKE, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.



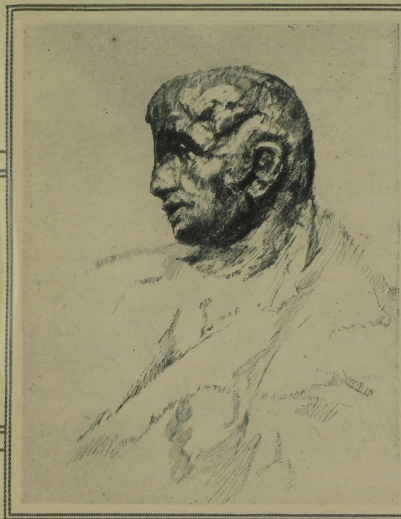
IDENTIFIED BY HIS RUSTIC FACE AND MASSIVE BUILD, ACCORDING WITH THE TRADITION THAT HE WAS A WATER-CARRIER: ST. MARK (FIGURE 7) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.



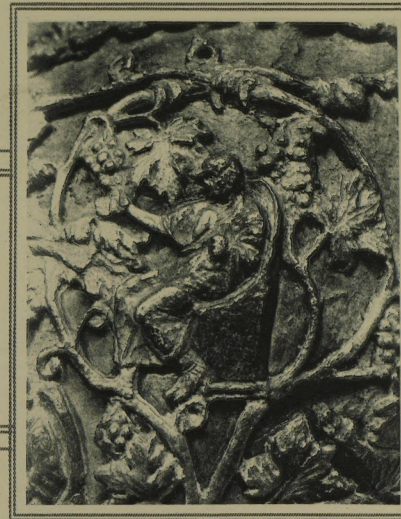
A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. MARK, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

THE FOUR EVANGELISTS ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

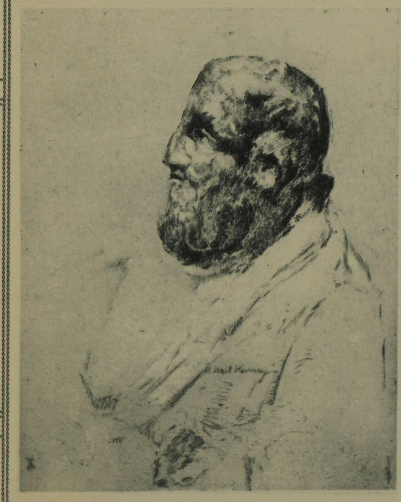
COPYRIGHT BY KOUCHAKJI FRÈRES, NEW YORK. ETCHINGS BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.



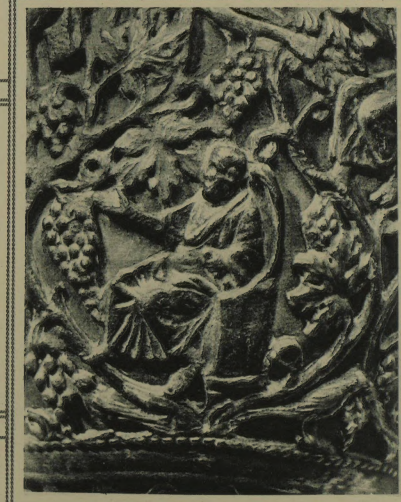
A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. JOHN, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.



“THE CHALICE FIGURE DECIDES THIS QUESTION (THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL) IN FAVOUR OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE”: ST. JOHN (FIG. 10) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.



A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. MATTHEW, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.



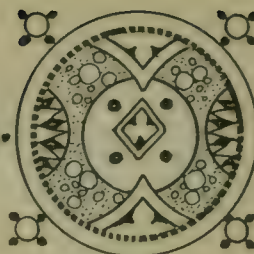
“ON HIS CHAIR IS SCRATCHED THE REPRESENTATION OF A GATE, THE CITY GATE AT WHICH HE COLLECTED TOLL.”: ST. MATTHEW (FIGURE 9) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

The incomparable interest of the silver Chalice found at Antioch (described and illustrated in our issue of June 7) resides in the claim that it was made in the early part of the first century, while most of the personages represented on it were still alive, and that the figures are consequently true portraits, the work of an artist who probably saw the originals. The 12 figures are identified and numbered for reference as follows: (1) Christ the Saviour; (2) St. Peter; (3) St. Paul; (4) St. Jude; (5) St. Andrew; (6) St. Luke; (7) St. Mark; (8) Christ as a Youth; (9) St. Matthew; (10) St. John; (11) St. James the son of Zebedee; and (12) St. James the Less. They are divided into two groups of six, with Christ as the central figure in each. In one group Christ as a Youth, holding a scroll of the Law, is surrounded by the four Evangelists, with St. James the son of Zebedee, near his brother, St. John. The Chalice is considered to throw new light on the vexed question of the authorship of the fourth Gospel. In his monumental work, “The Great Chalice of Antioch” (Kouchakji Frères, New York. 2 vols.), Dr. Gustavus Eisen says: “The Chalice figure undoubtedly decides this question once

and for all in favour of St. John the Apostle.” Of Dr. Eisen’s various arguments, “the most important,” he states, “is based upon the testimony of the Muratorian Canon, which says: ‘It was revealed to Andrew, one of the Apostles, that John should relate all things in his own name.’” “This statement,” continues Dr. Eisen, “explains satisfactorily the presence of the Apostle Andrew on the Chalice. . . . St. Andrew died November 30, 60 A.D., a martyr. . . . Having thus received a command from the Holy Spirit to compose a Gospel, before 60 A.D., it is absolutely inconceivable that John could have delayed his writing many days, much less many years. . . . We must conclude that he began his work at once.” Of the other figures shown above, Dr. Eisen says: “The band around (St. Luke’s) head characterises him as a Greek, and the lack of a hair-lock supports this theory. His face is also distinctly Greek. . . . St. Mark’s rustic face and mouth, his enormously developed shoulders, hips, legs and feet, support the statement . . . that he was a water-carrier in his youth. . . . St. Matthew’s face is that of a man of business. . . . On his chair is scratched a representation of a gate.”



NATIVE AFRICAN "TELEGRAPHY": SIGNALLING BY DRUMS AND GONGS.



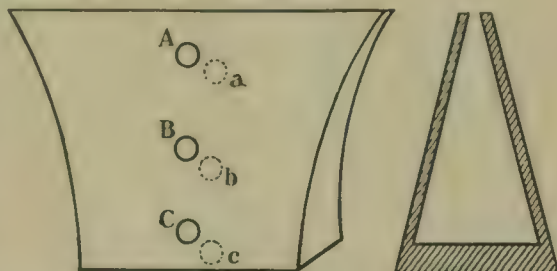
THE signalling drums at the Gold Coast village at Wembley have reminded people that long before telegraphy had been invented the benighted heathen of Africa were able to transmit messages with great rapidity and accuracy. How did they do it?

The two drums at the Exhibition—one of which, the natives will tell you, is "male" and the other "female"—are used by people whose art of signalling is still in its infancy; their messages are like bugle calls—i.e., certain combinations of sounds and rhythm conventionally convey certain ideas; each signal stands for a sentence. The natives of some parts of the Belgian Congo are far in advance of this! they have developed a syllabic alphabet which permits them not only to transmit any word in their own language, but even those of a foreign tongue. The advantage of the one process is that even a stranger can learn the signals, whereas for the other it is indispensable that signaller and receiver should be acquainted with the same language; even if the dialects they speak differ but slightly, the message will not be understood.

No people enjoy, and deserve, more fame for their signalling than the Batetela, a warrior tribe of the Central Congo. As auxiliaries of the Arabs during the anti-slavery campaign they rendered their masters great service by keeping them informed of the movements of the Belgians. They use gongs, suspended from the neck of the signaller, cut out of a solid block of wood, wedge-shaped, not unlike the blade of a hatchet.

The "edge" of the hatchet is three to four feet long, and nearly twice as long as the "back": about three inches wide, it shows a slit of about one inch from end to end, which is the opening of the gong's cavity. The back is about six inches wide; the top and bottom of the "hatchet" are slightly concave. The sides are of equal thickness from top to bottom, and it is not an easy job for the carver to produce the V-shaped cavity from the narrow slit at the top;

the back is considerably thicker than the sides. The sticks used are headed with balls of raw rubber. By hitting the gong at the spots marked *A B C* on one side or *a b c* on the other, six different sounds can be produced; *A* and *C* as well as *a* and *c* form octaves. With these six sounds, used singly or in doubles, in various combinations with different rhythms and accents, a syllabic alphabet can be produced which every tribesman understands, though it requires a



SHOWING SIX SPOTS (LETTERED) WHICH, WHEN HIT, PRODUCE SIX DIFFERENT SOUNDS: A DIAGRAM OF THE BATETELA SIGNAL-GONG, ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE (SIDE VIEW AND CROSS SECTION).

As explained in the article on this page, by hitting the gong at the spots marked *A, B, C* on one side, or *a, b, c* on the other, six different sounds can be produced. *A* and *C*, as well as *a* and *c*, form octaves. With these six sounds, used singly or in doubles, in various combinations with different rhythms and accents, a syllabic alphabet can be produced.

long apprenticeship to produce a message at the speed of slow talk.

As all Bantu syllables end with a vowel, foreign words are naturally slightly distorted in transmission, and the name of Captain Simpson, with whom I made my trials, became "Shimishono." We used to send each

other messages which the drummer and the interpreter transmitted with astonishing exactitude. The best test we made was the following: someone in a village had told us that a special kind of arrow, with twisted feathering, used to be made of old, and that he believed that such an arrow might still be found in the village of Mokunji. We asked the local telegraphist to "wire" a request for it to Mokunji, several miles distant. He did so; meanwhile, we noticed at a distance a stranger coming to the village. As he arrived we asked him if he had heard the message, and he was able at once to repeat it to us. Later on, a man came from Mokunji telling us that the chief was trying to get us what we wanted; and he succeeded soon after in doing so.

Except the Bapinji, who sometimes use drums, nearly all Congo people use gongs for signalling. Those of the Bakongo are simply round blocks of wood, hollowed out with a slit on the top; they lie on the ground. The Babunda gong is longer, more slender, with a handle, and is held vertically by the artist. The Malela, who are famous all over the country for their skill, use quaint little round gongs suspended from the waist. The people inhabiting the Ubangi and the Uelle districts shape their gongs like fantastic animals.

A good gong can be heard at about three miles in day time, five to six at night; if beaten on elevated ground, and if there are no woods to intercept the sound, its range is still more extended. Any person on the road or in the field will pick up the message and carry it in haste to the nearest village. When a chief goes on a journey he leaves relays of drummers on his way, so as to be able to communicate with his people at any time. The European traveller is not only announced at his destination before he starts for it; but, should he have made himself objectionable, his reputation will run in front of him, and he will meet with deserted, or possibly hostile, villages on his way.

E. TORDAY.



SCOUTS LEARNING THE "DRUM LANGUAGE" AT WEMBLEY FROM AN ASHANTI PRINCE: KWAKU PREMPEH DEMONSTRATING ON THE "MALE" (LEFT) AND "FEMALE" (RIGHT) DRUMS, WITH CAPTAIN RATTRAY AS INTERPRETER.

At the suggestion of their chief, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Boy Scouts are studying the Ashanti "drum language," as demonstrated at Wembley by Kwaku Prempeh, son of the late King, in order to adapt it to the Morse Code, and a successful test was recently made by transmitting a hundred-word message to Sir Robert. Captain R. S. Rattray is the officer in charge of the Gold

Coast native village. Ashanti is a tone language, and the drummers have two drums, called "male" and "female," set in different tones. They can reproduce the number of syllables in a word, and also its tone quality. The sound carries over a mile, and in the stillness of the African night as far as three miles.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

FAR OLDER THAN TELEGRAPHY: SIGNAL DRUMS AND GONGS OF AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. F. TORDAY.



1. OF A TRIBE
FAMOUS FOR
LONG-DISTANCE
SIGNALLING:
A MALELA,
WITH A CURIOUS
GONG SUSPENDED
FROM THE
WAIST.



2. WITH HIS GONG ON THE GROUND: A SIGNALLER OF THE BABUNDA TRIBE,
WHO ALSO USE GONGS AS SHOWN IN NO. 4.



3. BEATING A GONG SHAPED LIKE A FANTASTIC ANIMAL: A SIGNALLER WITH
THE TYPE OF INSTRUMENT USED IN THE UBANGI AND UELLE DISTRICTS.



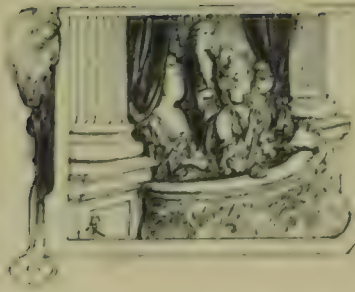
4. "LONGER, MORE SLENDER, WITH A HANDLE, AND HELD VERTICALLY":
THE USUAL TYPE OF GONG USED BY THE BABUNDA.



5. PRODUCING A SYLLABIC ALPHABET BY COMBINATIONS OF SIX SOUNDS:
THE HATCHET-SHAPED BATETELA GONG (SEE DIAGRAM ON OPPOSITE PAGE).

In the earlier days of exploration and pioneering, it was often a mystery to travellers and colonists how primitive tribes were able to communicate with each other rapidly over long distances. In Africa, at least, these mystifying results were obtained by the use of signal drums and gongs, which, as Mr. Torday points out in his interesting article on the opposite page, were employed by the natives long before the invention of telegraphy. He describes various kinds of drums and gongs (as illustrated in the above photographs) used in different parts of the Belgian Congo. Some of them, especially those of the Batetela, a warrior tribe

of the Central Congo, afford a far more elaborate method of communication, it appears, than the "male" and "female" drums from Ashanti exhibited at Wembley, as shown in the photograph opposite. The above illustration of a Batetela gong (No. 5) should be compared with the explanatory diagram that accompanies Mr. Torday's article. The whole subject is one of great fascination, and it is no wonder that the Boy Scouts, at the instigation of their chief, Sir Robert Baden Powell, have taken advantage of the means that Wembley affords for studying the Ashanti "drum language."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE CRITICS' CIRCLE.—MME. PASCAR.

A PROUD man was Mr. Herman Klein, the distinguished critic and master of singing, when he presided over the annual banquet of the Critics' Circle. It was a feast without formality and with inspiring oratory. Two of the principal guests were Mr. C. K. Munroe, that dramatist of such promise that the apt description of one of his admirers, who called him "G.B.S. II.," does not sound an exaggeration; and Lord Olivier, the Secretary for India, who gladly remembered the Ibsen battles of the 'nineties, when he with Bernard Shaw stood in the forefront and wrote plays that took time by the forelock—plays that should be heard of again now that the Censorship grants greater freedom to the dramatist. To me, Lord Olivier's address, spontaneous, flowing glibly, and with sparkling humour, conjured up a picture and echoes of those turbulent days when the drama was divided into two camps—the Scottites, led by Clement Scott; and the Ibsenites, with serried ranks of Fabians behind them, with Archer, Shaw, and Olivier as banner-men. There is a strange likeness between G.B.S. and Lord Olivier. Now that they are both tinged with grey, we could take them for brothers. Nor does the similarity end there. There is the same inflection of voice, the same assurance of speech, the same nimbleness of mind and caustic way of handling serious matters with a bland face. Closing my eyes, it was as if I heard G.B.S. riling good-humouredly the public, the critics, the Censor, and turning the laugh on himself. The State's gain has been the drama's loss. Had Lord Olivier not sought politics, what plays could he not have written! For he is a master of dialogue and diatribe.

Another luminous speaker of the occasion was Mr. E. A. Baughan, the calm, sane, common-sense reviewer of music, plays, and cinema. He confessed himself in so many words to be an emotionalist: to some it gave surprise, but those who read him know full well that under the serenity of his judgment burns the flame. He loves the drama ardently, but he never forgets that too much outward manifestation is un-English. So, as in the case of still waters, his strength lies in his depth and in the conciseness of his verdict. He said many sound things about the drama which I should have liked to take down verbatim, things the more brilliant for the quietude of their utterance. Had he not been one of us we should have frequently applauded him. But, as one of the colleagues said, we are a "funny lot": we never "enthus" over our brethren; it seems as if our etiquette not to applaud in the theatre makes for shyness. Yes, in a sense we are a "funny lot." Would you believe it that I, one of the elders of the fraternity, know but a tithe of our members except by name? In my young days, when we became recruits, we deemed it an honour and a pleasure to seek acquaintance with the Mandarins. We grouped around the doyens in the spirit of the disciples: an encouraging word, a pat on the back, acted like a spur. Thus in good time we became real confrères; the "respect for record" wore off; friendship, camaraderie, helpfulness took its place. There is nothing of that sort to-day. When new members are elected or foregather at annual meetings, there is no introduction, no seeking of better acquaintance. We become passers-by; we do not even nod; the welcoming eye of the elder meets with no response. So there is hardly any *esprit de corps*. There are birds of a feather who vaunt their mutual plumage, but there is little regard of record, little

of the collective spirit. Even our past presidents hold aloof when the year of office is over. E. F. Spence, the distinguished former critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, and the writer were the only ex-presidents "supporting" our present chief, Mr. Herman Klein. I wonder how many of his ex-colleagues Mr. Spence knew—whether any came to him to let him know that his great work of the past dwells in remembrance.

Now and again, when a colleague is in trouble, we may interfere and mediate; but on the whole we form rather a professional society than a club. The spirit of Masonry is not in it. Perhaps our new president, Mr. Herman Klein, himself an ardent

of men; she produces; she designs costumes; she acts and in her spare time she writes essays in French, which, despite her Roumanian descent, she writes as perfectly as any French author, with melody in her language and such profusion of thought that in a few pages she opens a world of stimulating reflections for her readers. She is essentially modern, a born reformer, ever in the van of progress to attune histrionic art to idealised nature. In her productions she crystallises all that is beautiful in the "isms" of new artistic movements. In acting she exacts purity of diction and, above all, naturalness. Thus she cultivates individualities. To her, each performer is a separate entity to be studied in detail—of gifts, of

character, of temperament. She believes in the principle of Henri Becque: "The ensemble is the welding of heterogeneous elements into a homogeneous whole." If all the units are perfect there is harmony as well as symphony. In one respect her methods differ from our own. In her observation she finds that the policy of our managers is to give the public what it wants; that leads to compromise, often to bad art. In her opinion the manager should impel the people to accept what he thinks they should want. In other words, the manager leads; the public is to be led. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, and the end can only be successful if the leader is sufficiently endowed to carry on without regard to the box-office.

It would take time to reform our public as well as our methods—time and money. All depends on "backers" providing sufficient capital and granting a free hand, or on State aid. If bankrupt Russia (and Germany) helps the theatre, why not solvent England? Echo answers—why?

Now Mme. Pascal has come to London, drawn by family ties and by the recognition that here is a great field yet to be tilled and fructified. She is studying English assiduously to become an English actress. Did not Princess Bariatinska make the attempt with a fair measure of success? Why not Mme. Pascal, who in her own country is acclaimed as an artist of genius, and whose assimilation of foreign languages is amazing? But that is by the way. Her great ambition is to create in London a theatre on the same basis as the Theatre of Art in Moscow—a theatre where Art for Art's sake shall be cultivated in the widest sense of the word—a theatre perfect in production as well as acting—a theatre where nationality of plays is no consideration, where "open sesame" is writ large over the portals. "Art is a great neutral," said Talleyrand—that should be our motto. Collaterally to

there would be the Children's Theatre. This is the country of precocious childhood.

Compare the child-acting of to-day with past generations. It is a new world of youth. And how acting will form, ripen, kindle them! How they will revel in the beauty of the word; how their imagination will be stimulated; how they will develop grace of form and eloquence of gesture!

Anon Mme. Pascal will go forth and proclaim her ideals in public addresses. Already "names" have promised her support, and promises of the where-withal are proffered. With perseverance, of which her fund is boundless, she will succeed. For hers is a remarkable personality. She is fired by conviction, and to hear her is to yield to the persuasion of enthusiasm.



AS THE WIFE WHO ATTENDED HER OWN FUNERAL: MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS SAVINA GRAZIA IN "THE MASK AND THE FACE," AT THE CRITERION.

Miss Athene Seyler is delightful as the wife whom her husband pretends to have killed (on the supposed ground of infidelity) in fulfilment of a vow, while in reality he has only smuggled her out of the country. She turns up at her own funeral in order to tear the "mask" of vanity from his face. The play is an Italian comedy by Luigi Chiarelli, adapted by Mr. C. B. Fernald.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

Mason, will foster it and thereby shed lustre on his year of office.

Mme. Pascal, the great Russian actress, is among us, full of plans and dreams. For years, despite turmoil and penury, she has conducted a State Theatre in Moscow, well protected by the leaders of the Soviet. Much of her momentous work is chronicled in Huntly Carter's remarkable book, "The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia." But one must hear her own account—how with small means she achieved great things; how she trained men of the people to become actors. A devotee of England and the English language, she had some of our authors translated into the Russian and made them household words. Hers is a leading spirit: she is a manager

PIRANDELLO'S "HENRY IV." AT CAMBRIDGE: THE ENGLISH "PREMIÈRE."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



AS THE MARCHIONESS MATILDA SPINA MASQUERADING AS MATILDA OF TUSCANY: MR. CECIL BEATON.



IMPERSONATING THE PORTRAITS TO RESTORE "HENRY IV." TO SANITY: FRIDA (MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS, LEFT) AND DI NOLLI (MR. D. JAMES).



CAUSED BY AN ACCIDENT AT A PAGEANT TO BELIEVE HIMSELF THE CHARACTER HE TOOK: "HENRY IV." (MR. D. D. ARUNDELL).

THE production of Pirandello's "Henry IV." by the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club (commonly called the A.D.C.), at the New Theatre, Cambridge, from June 7 to 14, was memorable as being not only the first production of that play in England, but only the second production of any play by the famous Italian dramatist. The previous play of his produced here was "Six Characters in Search of an Author," given by the Stage Society, but afterwards banned at Oxford and Birmingham. Luigi Pirandello was born in 1867, but up to the age of fifty had written only novels and romances. At Cambridge all the female parts were played by men undergraduates.



WITH UNDERGRADUATES AS WOMEN: THE A.D.C. PRODUCTION OF "HENRY IV."—THE TRAGIC ENDING IN ACT III. (L. TO R.) BELCREDI (MR. E. L. GANDER DOWER), DI NOLLI (MR. JAMES), THE DOCTOR (MR. D. H. BEVIS), MATILDA (MR. BEATON), THE FOUR "SECRET COUNSELLORS" (MESSRS. E. V. REYNOLDS, D. S. HUNT, W. L. MILNER BARRY, AND G. F. A. BURGESS), "HENRY IV." (MR. ARUNDELL), AND FRIDA.



BEFORE DRESSING UP AS THE PORTRAITS: FRIDA (MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS) AND MARQUIS CHARLES DI NOLLI (MR. D. JAMES).



AS FRIDA (IN THE DRESS HER MOTHER WORE AT THE PAGEANT TWENTY YEARS BEFORE AS MATILDA OF TUSCANY): MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS.



WITH HER NEW LOVER, BARON BELCREDI (MR. E. L. GANDER DOWER): MARCHIONESS MATILDA SPINA (MR. CECIL BEATON).

The time of the play is to-day, but the situation arises from events twenty years ago, when a set of young Italian Society people got up a pageant, and one girl appeared as Matilda of Tuscany, while one of her admirers figured as the Emperor Henry IV. (1050-1106), in order to be near her. During the carnival he was thrown from his horse and stunned. When he came to, he was mad and believed himself to be actually the Emperor Henry IV. His friends, to help out his mania, set him up in a country house in eleventh-century style, with four young men in contemporary costume carefully coached to keep up the delusion. There he held his "court," and his relatives, when visiting him, assumed historical characters. Meanwhile the Matilda of the pageant had married, becoming the Marchioness Matilda Spina, and had a daughter, Frida. The Marquis Spina had died, and his widow had consoled herself with a lover, Baron Tito Belcredi. The mad Henry's sister also died, committing him to the care of her son, the

Marquis di Nolli, engaged to Frida (now 19). At this point the play opens. In the hope of curing Henry by a sudden shock, di Nolli and Frida impersonate portraits in his room representing Henry and Matilda as they appeared at the pageant, and suddenly step out of the picture frames, while the real Matilda (Frida's mother) likewise appears in the pageant costume, in order to reveal to the patient the lapse of time. He has meanwhile confessed to his four "secret counsellors" that he has really been sane for eight years, but preferred to continue the masquerade. The picture trick, however, drives him again to the verge of insanity, and tragedy ensues when he seizes Frida and cries: "You're mine, mine, mine, in my own right!" The play lends itself to a historical setting, and the striking dresses and scenery were designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton, who plays the Marchioness Matilda. The 11th-century German costumes were based on illustrations in old German MSS. in the British Museum.

NOW TO BE COMPLETELY EXCAVATED: THE FORUM AT ROME.

By DR. THOMAS ASHBY, D.Litt., F.S.A.,
Director of the British School at Rome.

AS soon as the small early communities on the Palatine, Capitol, Quirinal and elsewhere were fused into one whole—the City of the Seven Hills—the new Rome found the necessity of establishing what in modern language is called a "civic centre." And this was placed in a valley surrounded by hills, except where a stream entered it from the north and issued towards the Tiber on the south. It was traversed from end to end by the Sacred Way, along which the triumphal processions passed on their way up to the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol.

The space thus set aside sufficed for its various uses for many centuries; but in process of time,

soon be visible. For the City of Rome, under the Royal Commissioner, Signor Cremonesi, is now about to realise a long-cherished project, and to bring to light the remains of the Forum as far as they are preserved. The Basilian Nuns, whose convent occupied the actual site of the *cella* and of the north-western hemicycle, are to receive another dwelling in exchange, and thus all of the Forum that the ravages of time have spared will be brought to light.

Under the temple there are massive vaults, which may have served to contain the *ævarium militare*, the special treasury which Augustus founded for

cousin of Pope Paul II., about 1470, as the Priory of the Knights of Rhodes—the famous knights of St. John who passed from Rhodes to Malta.

But the scheme as outlined goes further even than this. On the right is the Forum Transitorium of Domitian, with the temple of Minerva, fairly well preserved till 1600, then destroyed by Pope Paul V. for building material. On the left is the eastern hemicycle of the great Forum of Trajan, the last of the Imperial Fora; and these, too, it is hoped eventually to clear.

Trajan finally solved the problem of communication between the centre of ancient Rome and the Campus Martius, which became the centre of the mediæval city. Why it had for so long baffled his predecessors it is not altogether easy to say. Perhaps they too, like Augustus, did not dare to turn out the owners of houses; perhaps the expense was thought prohibitive.

Trajan built his huge Forum (the internal decoration of which, as has recently been discovered, was identical with that of the Forum Transitorium—columns projecting slightly in front of the enclosure wall) in the bottle-neck between the Capitol and the Quirinal, with the great Basilica Ulpia, the Greek and Latin libraries, and, above all, the Column, with its marvellous representations in relief of his Dacian campaigns. What obstacles he had to overcome we do not altogether know; that up to his day there was a continuous ridge between the two hills we now know to be an erroneous idea; but the meaning of the inscription on the column is not yet clear, though it certainly relates to the excavation works necessary for the preparation of the site. What is interesting is that modern Rome is faced with precisely the same traffic problem as that which confronted the Emperors, and it will have to be dealt with in the same drastic way as that which Trajan took. *Nihil novi sub sole.*

A last word to answer a question which is often asked: "How do you account for the burying of all these buildings? Why is the Roman level 20 or 30 feet below the modern?" We may reply in the first place that the earthquake of Leo the Fourth's time caused the sudden collapse of a large number of buildings, and that the phenomenon is not peculiar to Rome, but may be noted in such cities as London and Winchester, which have been continuously inhabited since Roman days. The accumulation of débris from ruined buildings—which no one troubles to clear away—has always led to a



AS IT WAS IN THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: THE ENCLOSURE WALL OF THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS AT ROME. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

with the growth of Rome into the capital of a mighty empire, and as such into the centre of the ancient world, it became all too small. And here, as in so many other things, Julius Cæsar saw the need, and did what he could to meet it.

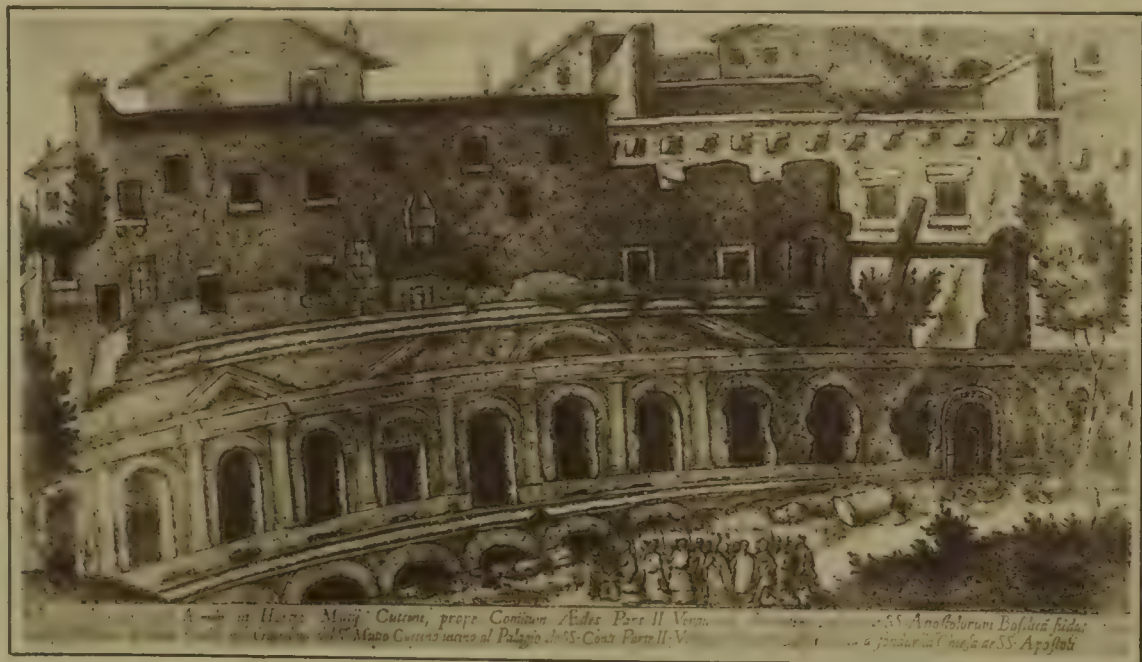
Besides commencing the reconstruction of many of the buildings surrounding it, he removed the assembly of the people by their tribes to the Campus Martius, where an immense covered voting hall was constructed on the west side of the "great north road," the Via Flaminia, the modern Corso. The Senate House, which fronted on the Forum (not that in which he met his death: that was some distance away), owed its reconstruction to him; and behind it he built the first of the Imperial Fora. It was a rectangular space, surrounded by colonnades, with the temple of Venus Genetrix, the fabled ancestress of the Julian gens, in the centre. Only scanty traces of the temple were discovered in Renaissance times, and nothing is now visible but a small portion of the surrounding wall and a few rooms built against it.

Augustus continued and completed in this, as in so many other cases, the work which his predecessor's assassination had interrupted. He built another and a larger Forum to the north-east, dominated by the splendid temple of Mars Ultor, the Avenger of Cæsar's death, which occupied the centre of the north-east side. It was flanked by two large hemicycles, or *exedrae*, one of which was excavated some thirty years ago. The niches on one side contained statues, with eulogistic inscriptions, of those who had won triumphs for victories in war—some of the ancestors of the Julian line, beginning with Æneas, and many of the great men of the Roman Republic, among them Caius Duilius. Caius Duilius was the first admiral of the Republic, who still gives his name to an Italian war-ship, and who was expressly honoured by being given a torch-bearer and a flute-player to precede him when he went out to a banquet.

The whole Forum was surrounded with a massive wall of stone, which is one of the finest monuments of Imperial Rome that exists, and still towers above the surrounding houses. It is pierced by an arch, the only exit on that side, leading to the higher quarters of the city. Above it we see the three columns of the temple, admired by generations of architects.

They are all that is actually visible of the superstructure; but a good deal more of the temple will

giving bounties to soldiers of twenty years' service or over. Attached to the hemicycle there is a hall surrounded by arched porticoes, in a very fine state of preservation. The aspect which the whole group of monuments may be expected to present is well shown in a drawing by Signor Ludovico Pogliaghi, who was responsible for the scenery of Boito's "Nerone," recently produced with such success at Milan. (See *The Illustrated London News* of May 17, 1924). His drawing (reproduced opposite) shows the northern and most important part of the Forum of



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE: THE EASTERN HEMICYCLE OF THE FORUM OF TRAJAN, IN THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

Augustus (the southern portion, where was once an open space, will probably, with the Forum Julium, have to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the traffic of modern Rome). The temple stands in the centre, with its lofty base preserved, but with no more than fragments of the other columns; the apse is, however, preserved. On the right we see the *exedra* which is already visible, and on the left the corresponding one. Behind are the remains of an elegant Renaissance colonnade, built by Cardinal Marco Barbo,

gradual rise in level; and when the interior of a church becomes so damp that people are tired of going down several steps into it, they raise the level of the floor.

[An article by Professor Federico Halbherr of Rome, the well-known archæologist, giving further details of the new scheme for excavating the Forum, will be published in our next issue.]

A GREAT EXCAVATION SCHEME AT ROME: A PICTORIAL FORECAST.

FROM A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LUIGI POGLIAGHI. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETELY EXCAVATED: THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS (RIGHT), SHOWING THE EASTERN HEMICYCLE OF TRAJAN'S FORUM (LEFT), THE LOGGIA OF THE RHODIAN KNIGHTS (RIGHT FOREGROUND)—AND "TOWER OF NERO" (CENTRE BACKGROUND)—THE LEFT HALF OF A PANORAMA CONTINUED BELOW. >>>



THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS WITH THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR (LEFT), AND THE FORUM OF NERVA (EXTREME RIGHT), AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FULLY EXCAVATED: A CONTINUATION OF THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE—THE TWO TOGETHER FORMING A PANORAMIC VIEW. <<<

As mentioned by Dr. Thomas Ashby in his article opposite, the authorities of Rome are about to realise the long-cherished project of bringing to light all the remains of the ancient Forum that still exist. Work has begun in the Forum of Augustus, which, it is expected, will be completely cleared by the end of this year. The above two photographs, if placed side by side, with the upper one on the left, form a panoramic view of the site as it will appear when the work is completed. The whole panorama is a reconstruction drawing by Professor Ludovico Pogliaghi, the eminent archæologist who, as Dr. Ashby recalls, designed the setting of Boito's opera, "Nero," recently produced at Milan. In sending us the above two photographs of the drawing, Professor Federico Halbherr says: "It

shows a general view of the Forum of Augustus, the Temple of Mars, and the eastern hemicycle of the Forum of Trajan. The elegant Renaissance building above the best-preserved part of the hemicycle of the Augustan Forum, looking towards that of Trajan, is the Loggia built for the Priory of the Rhodian Knights by Cardinal Marco Barbo, of Venice, in 1470. This hitherto almost unknown jewel of architecture will be spared by the demolitions. The Torre delle Milizie (or Tower of Nero, as it is popularly called, from a mistaken idea that it was the tower from which Nero watched the burning of Rome), was really built about 1200 A.D. It is one of many mediæval strongholds scattered amid the ruins of ancient Rome."

TWISTING, TURNING, LEAPING, AND FALLING BACKWARDS! WILES OF THE BUCKJUMPER, AS IN THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



1 The beginning of a buck

2 The spring in the air, with head down.



3 The 'land' with legs stiff—
a terrific jar to the rider.

4 "Eating gravel."



5 A series of turns and twists by a running buck.



6 A Buckjumper is safe compared with

The "outlaw" that falls backwards.

TO BE SEEN IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL RODEO, OR COWBOY CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

Horsemanship of a highly spectacular kind is to be seen in the first International Rodeo, or Cowboy Championship Contest, which is due to open to-day (June 14) in the Empire Stadium at Wembley, and to continue until June 20. The subject was described and illustrated, by photographs taken at previous contests held in America, in our issue of March 29 last. We have since asked Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, to give us his impressions of one of the most thrilling events in a rodeo—namely, bronk-riding, and the result is here reproduced. Mr. Edwards supplies the following explanatory

AT WEMBLEY: THRILLS OF BRONK-RIDING ILLUSTRATED BY A FAMOUS SPORTING ARTIST.

notes on the various drawings, numbered as above: "(1) The commencement of a buck. (2) The spring in the air, simultaneously throwing down the head between the knees. (3) The 'land,' with back arched and legs stiff and together; so great is the concussion that a series of these jars often causes blood to flow from the nose and ears of the rider. (4) Even more frequently they cause him to 'eat gravel' (i.e., fall). (5) A running buckler 'filmed' by the artist. (6) But the buckjumper is a 'patent safety' compared to (7) the outlaw who adopts these tactics!"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

"NOTHING in the papers" is a venerable cry of the breakfast-table and the railway-carriage, but even in the cry itself there is always something. It gave a former contributor to this journal the title for his weekly column, and enabled him to write pleasantly, if not altogether beautifully, about a broomstick. And lately the grumble, "Nothing in the new books" has been heard from the mourning lips of a taster of publishers' lists. But the old reversal held good. The mourner began to jot down a few notes on recent publications which seemed at the first glance rather barren, but before the essay came to an end, this complaining scribe was bound in fairness to acknowledge that, after all, the little catalogue was rather attractive.

It is ever thus. Even when great works refuse to appear and the lists may seem arid enough, there is compensation. The mere volume of output—appalling enough in all conscience—almost precludes a universal dullness, just as hugely prolific poets, not of the highest inspiration, must now and then stumble on a good thing. And so many people are busy exploring life in every conceivable phase that some of them must have something to say. The really big thing may tarry obstinately, in spite of sanguine predictions of what the reaction of war would be sure to produce in great literature, but a dip into the booksellers' current lucky-bag brings up a few minor prizes. They may be ephemeral things, but they serve their day, and are worth a day's consideration.

Glancing over the heaped-up library table I see certain volumes that fall into more or less related groups. If the link is geographical in the widest sense, books that come together are two about Africa, one about China, one about Palestine, and a little cluster about the United Kingdom, this last touching the historical and the purely literary. Under the heading of France are two new and very interesting studies in biography. These ought to make a useful suggestion for your next library list.

"Out of Africa," said the Roman proverb, "always something new." The new things in African books of the day are concerned one with the East and the other with the North of that continent. "WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA," by Hermann Norden (Witherby; 15s.), is the record of an American's first impressions of the African Crown Colonies. It is like all first impressions, a very fresh and vivid record. All is wonderful to the observer, and much will be wonderful also to most of his readers. He has visited people whose way of life in the caves of Mount Elgon is still that of the Stone Age, and he recalls for one curious moment the once notorious but long-departed King M'tesa, the wholesale slaughterer, the many-wived. For him survivors among his wives still mourn, and they sit in the dark keeping watch over his tomb. So they have sat for forty years.

Such fatalistic patience in seclusion finds its parallel in the book about North Africa. The hero of the story, seeking to explain fatalism to a European visitor, quoted the case of women of the harem, who had never seen the day (i.e., gone out). "They live in one room, where they sleep and eat and bear children. They never leave the house until they go out to be buried, yet they are content. Do you understand their lives?"

The speaker is a man still notable in his own country, and one whose exploits were formerly very notorious in the columns of the British Press. He is that most lively brigand who nearly twenty years ago had the audacity to kidnap Mr. Walter Harris, the *Times* correspondent in Tangier. To say that is to recall Raisuli; but his name appears in a slightly altered form on the title-page of his biography, which is written, appropriately enough, by that most adventurous lady, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, for whom the desert has no terrors. She made a special journey by motor to Tazrut to take down Raisuli's story from his own lips; and she has succeeded in her task, for "EL RAISUNI, THE SULTAN OF THE MOUNTAINS" (Butterworth; 21s.), is a most fascinating book, full of character and incident, as is to be expected from the subject. The theme is one after Mrs. Forbes's own heart. It is a true chapter in that "desert" literature which has at present so great an attraction for women writers and readers.

This attraction has been explained by a friend of Dr. Johnson's, with the kind aid of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who collected this late Boswellism on a recent evening at the Thralls' and published the information in *John o' London*. The Johnson Club may doubt the authenticity alike of the speaker and the remark, but both bear the stamp of truth. The Doctor's friend's name was Sir Elijah Worgle, a most discerning man, evidently huddled down in "desert" fiction. "Many virtuous females," said Sir Elijah, "have been bitten by Sheiks." The thing is obvious, and the result the making of many books, good and bad; but Mrs. Forbes's "Raisuni" is among the good.

One may note, still on the authority of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that a little earlier in the Johnsonian dialogue recorded by that artist with pen and pencil, Bozzy had quoted a certain Lord Whinberry (a traveller to Grand Cairo) to the effect that "though the Sheiks inspire horror

in the breasts of travellers, they lead gentle domestic lives." This will hardly apply to Raisuni in all his aspects, although he is, when off the war-path and not persuading his adversaries in the torture-chamber, a philosopher and scholar. Yet there is that about him which might very well inspire Mrs. Thrall's wish "to be carried off by a Sheik." (Mr. W. L. is yet again our authority for this giddy desire on the part of the brewer's spouse.) Luckily, Mrs. Forbes was not carried off. Contrariwise, she has carried Raisuli, or Raisuni, off, and has made him known to the world, as he has never been known before, in a most intelligent, penetrating, and picturesque piece of literary portraiture.

The next book is also by a woman, and it deals, like the last, with a phase of Orientalism, an Orientalism threatened by Western ideas, yet in the end promising to keep its integrity. "A SPRINGTIDE IN PALESTINE," by Myriam Harry (Benn; 15s.), is a study of the present state of the Zionist movement. It gives a glowing account of Palestine of to-day, all the more glowing that the writer is a convert to the feasibility of Zionism. At first she was sceptical, but now she believes that the scheme has a prosperous future. Apart from its discussion of this

our most romantic cities, which it reconstructs, as far as is possible at present, as it appeared during the Roman occupation. "ROMAN YORK," by Gordon Home (Benn; 12s. 6d.), is concerned chiefly with York as a military station. It was the headquarters of that Ninth Legion which was blotted out by the British about the year 119 A.D., and was succeeded by the Sixth. At York two Emperors, Severus and Constantius Chlorus, died. These events alone invest York with romance; but there is much more of the romantic in Mr. Home's acute and knowledgeable study. He has examined all the known remains, and is anxious to see what further relics may be unearthed. That much still lies hidden is beyond doubt, and Mr. Home would be a happy man if the Dean and Chapter would allow excavations to be made within the Minster precincts.

Not at York alone, but in many parts of England, rich fields lie unexplored. Just before the war, archaeologists had a thrill when it was announced that extensive digging was to be begun at St. Albans, but nothing more has been heard of the project. Few people know of the Roman villa at Latimer, although it lies close to the highway, and every year thousands pass within a few yards of the site without suspecting its existence. The Romans are always with us, and when the full story of their works and days in Britain comes to be told, it will be a record of endless fascination. Meanwhile, every instalment, such as Mr. Home's, is welcome. We are apt to forget that there were Romans to whom these islands became a second fatherland, and British-born Romans who knew no other country—to whom Italy was only a name. That part of the romance of Roman Britain has been recaptured for us already in Mr. Kipling's poem about the Centurion who, when ordered back to Rome after forty years, embarked his cohort and then came to his superior officer with the request, "Command me not to go."

By way of contrast take now a book about present-day England, as it appears to American eyes. You might think, from the title, that the subject was this country in a former age, but "OLD WORLD ENGLAND," by Albert Osborne (Nash and Grayson; 12s. 6d.), is a picture of the life around us, with side-glances at our survivals of the past, such as our Cathedrals and Universities, and other venerable institutions. For the most part, Mr. Osborne is charmed, and his lightning tour of England makes most agreeable reading.

We return frankly to the spacious days of great Elizabeth in some posthumous essays of that modern Elizabethan, the late Mr. A. H. Bullen, whose "ELIZABETHANS" (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), will delight everyone who likes to explore the less-known by-ways of Elizabethan literature. With this, readers of a similar persuasion will welcome Mr. Richard Aldington's "LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), which deals as much with France as with England of the sixteenth and later centuries. There are studies of Ronsard, Hugo, Joachim du Bellay and Landor, Sigogne, St. Evremond and Cowley, with a perfect little imaginative ancient classical sketch, "Theocritus at Capri." This, like Mr. Bullen's, is a most companionable book by an author who has not only knowledge, but the gift of admirable discursive talk.

France and England again make touch in an account of the adventures in this country of a notable French Revolutionist. It is rather a shady record, for the Editor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, during his residence among us, contributed more to police news than to polite letters. In fact, he was rather an impostor, and in one case, at least, a convicted thief. His fraudulent career in our midst is known already in outline, but it offered an excellent field for patient research, and in "JEAN PAUL MARAT, HIS CAREER IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) Mr. Sidney L. Phipson has cleared up many obscure points (the whole affair is most obscure), and has brought to light much fresh and interesting material. Marat, in addition to his other distinctions, had a surprising number of aliases.

The story of another French Revolutionist not so notorious and a better character, is retold by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn in "BENJAMIN CONSTANT, HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE, 1767-1830" (Heinemann; 21s.). Constant was a kaleidoscopic character, not always sympathetic, and in some ways grotesque, but this book is described by M. Fernand Baldensperger, who writes an "Introduction," as "the first sympathetic study of Benjamin Constant in English." The description is deserved, for, with all his contradictions and follies, the man was sincere, and for that he must have credit, although he is, in the end, more curious than admirable. His biographer has tackled Constant in all his aspects, and the book is excellent, were it for nothing else, as a reflection of society in the period. It throws new light on Madame de Staël, and for that alone it is welcome. The story of Benjamin Constant's serio-comic attachment to the daughter of Necker makes piquant reading in connection with the portrait of Madame which is contained in the "Letters and Journals" of an English poet, whose name I lately promised not to mention again on this page until a sufficient excuse is provided by a new book that still carries on the way.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

- "AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH." By Dornford Yates.
(Ward, Lock; 7/6.)
- "GENERAL BELINDA." By Ethel Holdsworth.
(Herbert Jenkins; 7/6.)
- "ISLAND PRINCESS." By A. Safroni Middleton.
(Jarrolds; 7/6.)
- "LITTLE NOVELS OF NOWADAYS." By Sir Philip Gibbs.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)
- "A PASSAGE TO INDIA." By E. M. Forster.
(Arnold; 7/6.)
- "TWENTY-ONE." By Countess Barcynska.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)
- "UKRIDGE." By P. G. Wodehouse.
(Herbert Jenkins; 3/6.)
- "WAVES OF DESTINY." By Margaret Pedler.
(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "C." By Maurice Baring.
(Heinemann; 15/-.)
- "POLICY AND ARMS." By Colonel Repington.
(Hutchinson; 18/-.)
- "TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT." By Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler.
(Nisbet; 15/-.)
- "MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS." By Mrs. E. M. Ward.
(Hutchinson; 21/-.)

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

question, the book will attract many readers by its mere charm of descriptive local colour.

Still with a woman writer for guide, the next book takes us to the Far East, as far as China, and the reader's way is lighted for him with something that Rabelais recommended to every seeker after truth. The Curé of Meudon advised the use of "good lanterns," and this writer has provided us with some that are certainly both good and illuminating. "CHINESE LANTERNS," by Grace Thompson Seton (Lane; 12s. 6d.), is a book that arose out of a sudden impulse, a wild curiosity. One day at home in California, Mrs. Thompson Seton heard that the ex-Emperor of China was to be married. She resolved to see this piece of strange Celestial ritual, which no European eye had looked upon, and, being determined, made the long voyage across the Pacific, and persuaded the right people to admit her to the inner sanctities. She saw them, and survived to tell the tale, and much else besides. Women interested in the future of womankind will find a great deal of valuable information regarding Chinese emancipation in a book that had its origin in immemorial feminine curiosity about a rite involving the Chinese woman's bondage and subjection.

Returning to the United Kingdom, we find books on subjects old and new. One, in the antiquarian class, makes a most useful addition to a subject that still awaits its full unfolding. I have long wished to see this department of knowledge fully explored, but it will not be in our time. Much, however, has been done in recent years to extend our information about Roman Britain, and the picture grows steadily in richness and interest. As a side study in the life of the period, a familiar and favourite volume, "Puck of Pook's Hill" is invaluable. The new book before me specialises in the early history of one of

AT EPSOM: MUD, THE OAKS—AND SANSOVINO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



THE WINNER OF THE OAKS: SIR EDWARD HULTON'S FILLY STRAITLACE
(F. O'NEILL UP).



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY (ILLUSTRATED IN OUR LAST ISSUE):
THE EARL OF DERBY'S COLT, SANSOVINO.



MUD AND THIN
SHOES AT EPSOM:
A TYPICAL SCENE
SHOWING THE
BAD CONDITION
OF THE GROUND
OWING TO THE
RECENT RAINS—
LORD
BLANDFORD
PILOTING LADIES
TO THE
PADDOCK.



TYPICAL OF PERFECTION IN RACEHORSE BREEDING: THE
HEAD OF STRAITLACE, WINNER OF THE OAKS.



THE FINISH OF THE OAKS: STRAITLACE (F. O'NEILL UP) AN EASY FIRST, WITH PLACK
(E. C. ELLIOTT UP) SECOND, AND MINK (R. A. JONES UP) THIRD.

After Derby Day, when Lord Derby won for the first time the great race founded by his ancestor, with his colt Sansovino (as illustrated in our last issue), the weather at Epsom improved, and the race for the Oaks, on "Ladies' Day," was run in pleasant sunshine. The mud, however, remained, and made heavy going for spectators. The Oaks, described officially as "the 142nd renewal of the Oaks Stakes," was won by Sir Edward Hulton's Straitlace (F. O'Neill up), which

came in well in front. Lord Rosebery's Plack (E. C. Elliott up) was second, with Mrs. S. Whitburn's Mink (R. A. Jones up) a close third. Straitlace has been described as "a very lovely filly and a very good one." She may be taken as typical of perfect breeding in racehorses, and from this point of view the excellent photograph of her head given above is published as likely to be of especial interest.

MECHANICAL WARFARE IN ITS LATEST FORM: THE KING AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL,



REHEARSING FOR THE GRAND MILITARY TATTOO AT ALDERSHOT: A TANK TAKING THE "WATER-JUMP."



THE NEW FAST TANKS CLAIM THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST: THE KING (EXTREME LEFT) AND THE QUEEN (RIGHT) INSPECTING A TANK WITH A ROOMY TURRET CONTAINING A 3-POUNDER AND SIX MACHINE GUNS.



THE KING AND QUEEN INTERESTED IN ONE OF THE NEW ARTILLERY "DRAGONS": THEIR MAJESTIES INSPECTING ONE OF THE CATERPILLAR TRACTORS THAT DREW THE GUNS OF THE 28th BATTERY INTO ACTION AT THE "BATTLE" OF CHOBHAM RIDGES.

On the first day (June 7) of their Whitsuntide visit to Aldershot the King and Queen spent a long morning in the field inspecting troops under campaigning conditions. Their Majesties motored to Chobham Ridges, where they watched the operations of a mimic attack and counter-attack, conducted by methods that are new even since the war. The principal feature of the counter-attack was the advance of four tanks of the latest type. They are not unwieldy monsters like those used on the Somme, but smaller and faster, capable of getting over the ground, at a pinch, at something between 20 and 25 miles an hour. They have a roomy turret containing one three-pounder gun and six Hotchkiss and Vickers 303's. They left cover and trusted to their speed.

QUEEN SEE NEW TYPES OF TANKS, TRACTORS, AND BRIDGES.

CENTRAL PRESS, C.N., AND THE "TIMES."



SUPPORTED BY PONTOONS CONSTRUCTED OF EMPTY PETROL-TINS AND VERY PORTABLE: A NEW TYPE OF MILITARY BRIDGE.



THROWING AN ASSAULT BRIDGE OVER A "STREAM": AN INCIDENT OF THE OPERATIONS DURING THE VISIT OF THEIR MAJESTIES TO THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT.



THE QUEEN IN A CITROËN "CATERPILLAR" CAR: HER MAJESTY TRIES A NEW TYPE OF VEHICLE BELONGING TO A "MECHANICALIZED" BRIGADE.



THEIR MAJESTIES CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE OF THE NEWEST TYPE: THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE FINISHED BRIDGE, WITH PONTOONS MADE OF EMPTY PETROL-TINS, THE BEGINNING OF WHOSE CONSTRUCTION IS SHOWN IN THE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.

The King and Queen also inspected one of the Artillery's new caterpillar tractors, known as "dragons," used to draw guns of the 28th Battery into action, and crossed a pontoon bridge constructed with pontoons ingeniously made of empty petrol-tins. During the "battle" of Chobham Ridges, the King followed the operations on foot, but the Queen watched them while travelling from point to point in a Citroën car with "caterpillar" wheels adapted to crossing rough country. It belongs to the 9th (Mechanicalized) Brigade, and was driven by Major A. Block, of that unit. Her Majesty returned in it from the scene of the operations to the royal car waiting at a roadside.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS (APPLEDORE), L.N.A., ABRAHAM (KESWICK), I.B., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



ANOTHER OF ENGLAND'S "WOODEN WALLS" DOOMED: THE OLD LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIP H.M.S. "REVENGE," AT APPLEDORE BEFORE BEING BROKEN UP



THE CESSION OF JUBALAND TO ITALY UNDER THE NEW AGREEMENT: THE TOWN OF KISMAYU, THE ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE AND ONLY PORT OF THE PROVINCE.



MOUNTAINS AS A WAR MEMORIAL: GREAT GABLE, ON WHOSE SUMMIT A TABLET HAS BEEN PLACED TO THE MEMORY OF CLIMBERS.



IN HONOUR OF MEMBERS OF THE FELL AND ROCK-CLIMBING CLUB WHO DIED IN THE WAR: THE TABLET UNVEILED ON GREAT GABLE.



DEDICATING THE LAKELAND PEAKS ACQUIRED AS A WAR MEMORIAL: THE IMPRESSIVE SERVICE ON THE SUMMIT OF GREAT GABLE AT THE UNVEILING.



THE KINGSTON PAGEANT ON THE MILLENNARY OF ATHELSTAN'S CORONATION: PRINCE EDWARD (MAJOR ALFRED KEENE) AND HIS BRIDE (MISS INA COX).

The old wooden ship of the line "Empress," formerly H.M.S. "Revenge," which has been used as a training-ship on the Clyde, was recently brought to Appledore, in Devon, and thrown open to the public for a time before being broken up. She was one of the last wooden battle-ships built, and was laid down at Pembroke in 1855. At one time she was flag-ship of the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets.—It was announced on June 10 that an agreement transferring Jubaland, hitherto part of Kenya, in East Africa, to Italy had been initialled by the British and Italian experts in London, and would shortly be signed by plenipotentiaries. Kismayu is the only port of Jubaland and its administrative centre.—The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the Lake District have acquired the central group of

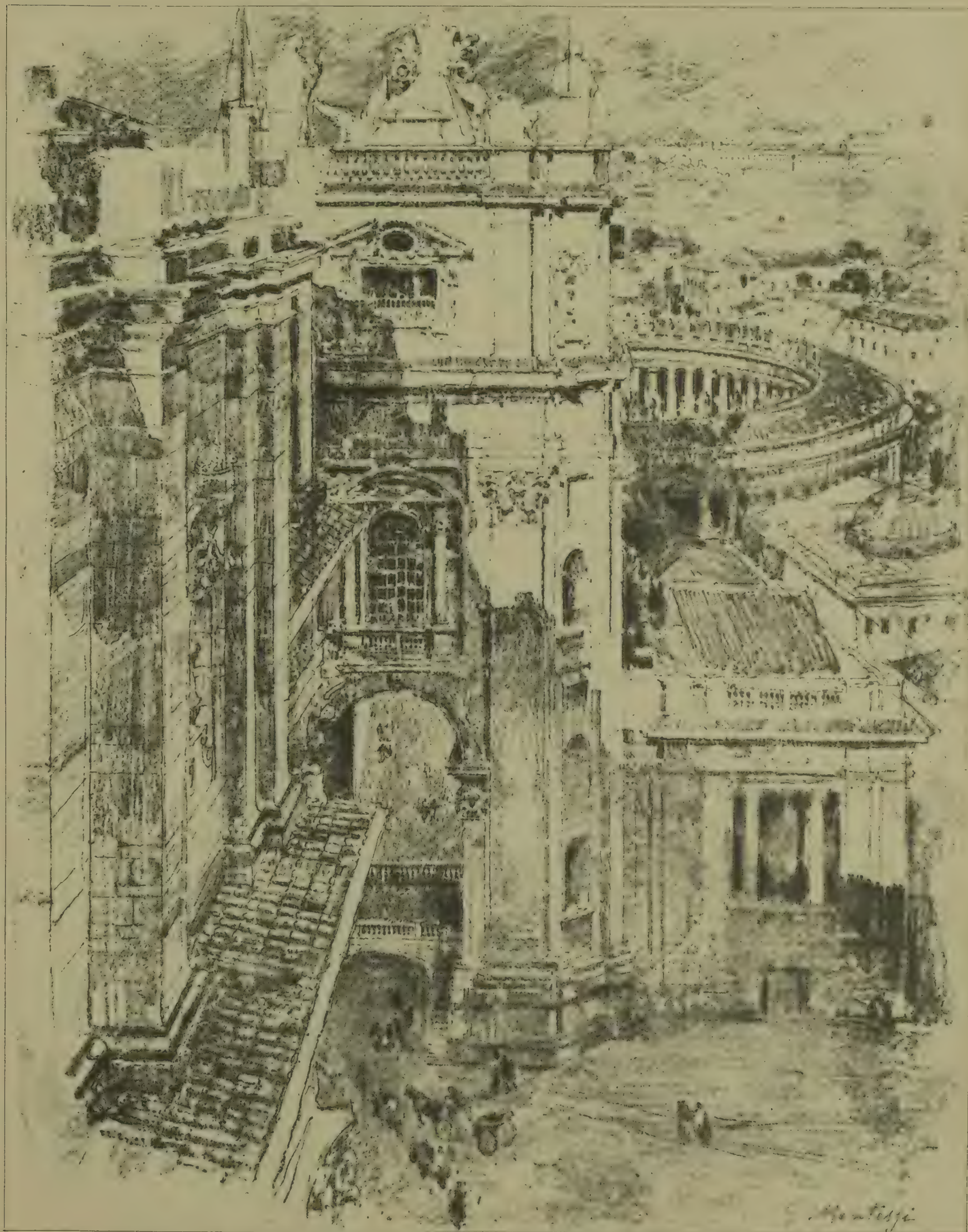


THE FIRST HORSE TO TRAVEL IN AN AEROPLANE: A YOUNG FRENCH RACEHORSE ENTERING A MACHINE AT LE BOURGET TO BE TAKEN BY AIR TO AMSTERDAM.

mountains, and vested them in the National Trust for public use, as a war memorial to twenty of their members who died in the war. A bronze tablet bearing their names, with an inscription and a relief map of the Fells, was unveiled on the summit of Great Gable (nearly 3000 ft.) on June 8, by Dr. A. W. Wakefield, President of the Club, and dedicated by the Rev. J. H. Smith, of Huddersfield. The impressive ceremony was attended by over 500 people, including many women, in spite of thick mist and heavy rain.—A pageant took place at Kingston-on-Thames on June 9 in honour of the millenary of the Coronation of King Athelstan. One of the incidents was the wedding of Prince Edward the Elder to a shepherd's daughter.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MONTESSE, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME: PART OF THE FAÇADE (SEEN FROM THE BACK) OVERLOOKING THE PIAZZA.

The Italian title to this drawing is "Dalla Balastrata dell' Attico di San Pietro," and no further details are given. From a comparison with a plan of St. Peter's, the drawing would appear to show the back of the right-hand end of the façade, which fronts the Piazza di San Pietro. Part of the circular colonnade surrounding

the piazza may be seen in the right background. At the top of the picture, in the centre, are the backs of several statues. The façade of St. Peter's, which was erected by Pope Paul V. in 1612, is surmounted by a balustrade with statues of the Saviour and Apostles, 19 ft. high.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MENTESSI, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.



HOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS PAGAN RELIGIOUS ORDER FOR WOMEN: THE ATRIUM VESTÆ, OR PALACE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

The Vestal Virgins were a religious order of women associated with the Temple of Vesta, in which it was their special duty to keep burning the sacred fire. The drawing shows part of the large court (220 ft. by 25 ft.) which was the principal feature of their palace. It was adorned with statues of the Head Vestals, of which

eleven remain in varying states of preservation. Inscriptions on the bases of some of the statues show that they were erected by grateful relatives, or others, who had secured good appointments through the powerful influence of the Vestals. The names recorded belong to the third and fourth centuries A.D.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MENTESSI, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.



RUINS OF IMPERIAL ROME: THE BASILICA JULIA, WITH THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS—
SHOWING THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARTINA IN THE BACKGROUND.

The great Basilica Julia, founded by Julius Cæsar to enlarge the Forum, was inaugurated in 46 B.C. It was extended by Augustus, but was burnt down before he could see its completion. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus was built in honour of that Emperor and his sons, in A.D. 203, to commemorate victories over

the Parthians and Arabians. It is 75 ft. high, 82 ft. wide, and built entirely of marble. Santa Martina e Luca consists of a lower church and an upper church. The latter, seen in the above drawing, is a handsome domed building in the form of a Greek cross, dating from about 1640.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MENTESSI, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.



ERECTED MORE THAN 1700 YEARS AGO: THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS
(IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND)—ANOTHER VIEW.

The full title of this drawing, in Italian, is as follows: "L'Arco di Settimio Severo verso i plutei istoriati di Trajano." No further details are given, but from a comparison with the other drawing of the arch (on the previous page in this number) it would appear to be a closer view of it, showing the same church (Santa Martina) in the background.

When the arch was erected, in A.D. 203, the names of Septimius Severus and his sons, Caracalla and Geta, all appeared in the inscription. Later, Caracalla murdered Geta and erased his name, filling up the gap with words describing both himself and his father as "Father of his country; best and bravest of princes."

THE VOGUE OF PAGEANTRY: "BRISTOL" AT WEMBLEY; ELTHAM'S "FAYRE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



TRANSFERRED TO WEMBLEY FROM BRISTOL WITH ALL ITS 2500 PERFORMERS: THE "CRADLE OF THE EMPIRE" PAGEANT OF BRISTOL'S "HISTORIC PAST"—EPISODE IV.—QUEEN ELIZABETH (MISS NANCY STEADMAN) ARRIVING AT LAWFORD GATE.

THE Bristol Pageant consisted of seven episodes, beginning with the year 1216, although the history of the city dates back some centuries earlier. The first episode represented the boy King, Henry III., confirming Magna Carta (extorted from his father, King John) at the gate of Bristol Castle. The second scene (as described in the "Times") pictured "the dramatic story of King Edward IV., while the guest of the city, at the banqueting table, ordering the execution of Lancastrians for causing a disturbance during his visit. Cabot's

[Continued opposite.]



KENTISH PAGEANTRY: THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS IN "MERRIE ENGLAND," FOR "YE OLDE ENGLISH FAYRE" AT ELTHAM, WHICH MRS. BALDWIN ARRANGED TO OPEN A FEW DAYS AGO.

[Continued.] triumphal return to Bristol from the discovery of Newfoundland, the year before Columbus claimed to have discovered America, was the third episode, and Queen Elizabeth's visit in pomp and power formed the fourth, with an amusing portrayal of the Queen receiving washerwomen and granting them a perpetual drying ground on Brandon Hill as compensation for their ugliness. The fifth episode dealt with Bristol merchant venturers, introducing Admiral Penn." The sixth episode depicted a Royalist invasion; and the last the election of Edmund Burke.

Pageantry is much in favour this year in all parts of the country, and we illustrate above two notable examples. The great pageant recently given at Bristol, which claims to be the "Cradle of the Empire," as having sent out Cabot to found the first British colony, Newfoundland, and other famous voyagers, was described, with photographs, in our issue of May 31. By remarkable enterprise on the part of the city, it was later brought to Wembley, with all the 2500 performers, partly to make Bristol's history better known, and partly to raise funds for a new civic hall. The first performance at Wembley was given in the

Stadium on June 7, when the number of spectators was disappointingly small, but there were better attendances later. The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to see it on the 10th. Our other illustration shows the company of players in a pageant entitled "Merrie England," organised in connection with "Ye Olde English Fayre" at Eltham in Kent, which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the ex-Premier, arranged to open there on June 13. Among the characters are Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex. Eltham formerly had a royal palace, which was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

WEMBLEY BEATS THE ATTENDANCE RECORD OF EVERY OTHER EXHIBITION: THE WHIT-MONDAY CROWD—321,232!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., AND S. AND G.



PART OF THE HOLIDAY CROWD THAT EXCEEDED BY 75,000 THE NUMBER WHO ATTENDED THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN HYDE PARK

DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF JUNE IN 1851: OUTSIDE THE BURMESE SECTION AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION ON WHIT MONDAY.



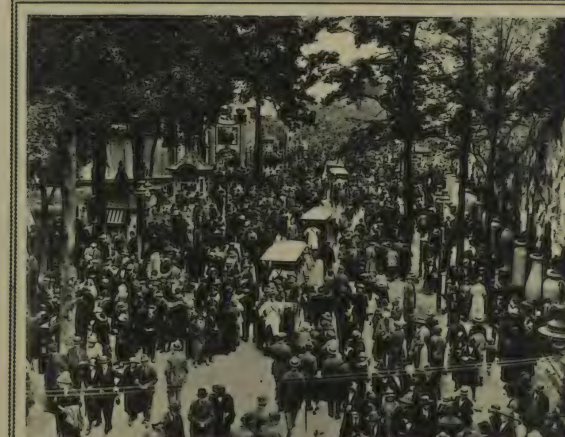
WHERE QUEUES WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND THE ATTENDANTS COULD HARDLY TAKE MONEY FAST ENOUGH: THE DENSE CROWD IN THE GREAT AMUSEMENT PARK.



WHEN ENTRANCE WAS OBTAINED NOT ONLY THROUGH DOORS: A SECTION OF THE CROWD



THE REGULATION TURNSTILES, BUT THROUGH THE "EXIT" WAITING TO GET INTO THE EXHIBITION.



THRONED WITH SIGHTSEERS WITH "RAILODOK" CARS THREADING THEIR WAY BETWEEN THEM: A MAIN AVENUE OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK ON WHIT MONDAY.

Despite the somewhat threatening nature of the weather, and a certain dislocation of arrangements due to the unofficial Tube strike, the attendance at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley on Whit Monday beat all records, and it was officially announced at midnight that 321,232 people had visited it during the day—the biggest crowd ever seen at any exhibition in the world. Some idea of the total may be gathered when it is said that it represents 75,000 more visitors than the number who went to the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park during the whole of the first week of June 1851. The arrivals formed

great orderly queues at the various entrances, and, before long, it was decided to admit by exits as well. There were queues, indeed, for everything: for entering the various buildings, for the restaurants, for the "Railodoks," for the Amusements, and so forth. It was said, indeed, that a mile-an-hour was the greatest progression-rate. At ten o'clock at night a maroon gave the signal for the joining of hands in a "Link of Empire" handshake. The festivities continued late into the night, with music, dancing, and fireworks, and the illuminated lake looked very beautiful.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CHAIRMAN OF A FAMOUS FIRM:
THE LATE MR. H. F. ELKINGTON.



KILLED BY A MID-AIR COLLISION:
FLYING-OFFICER L. G. LUCAS.



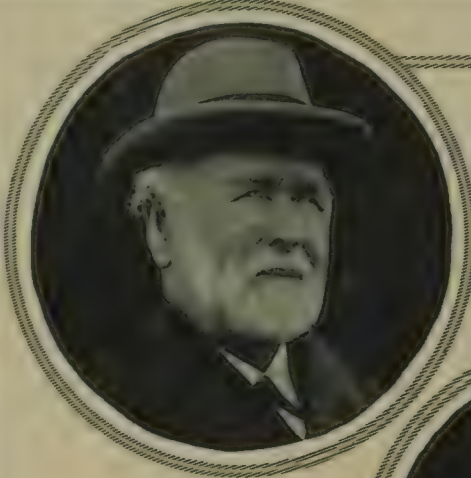
FORMER CONSERVATIVE M.P. FOR
MID-ARMAGH: LORD ARMAGHDALE.



A DISTINGUISHED MILITARY ENGINEER:
MAJ.-GEN. SIR GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.



THE GREAT PARIS-TOKYO FLIGHT OF LIEUT. PELLETIER DOISY: THE FRENCH
AIRMAN (CENTRE OF THE THREE OFFICERS; WITH GOGGLES) AND HIS MECHANIC
(IN THE AEROPLANE) NEAR ALEPPO.



A GREAT SHIPBUILDER AND
SHIP-OWNER:
THE LATE LORD PIRRIE.



A FAMOUS ADMINISTRATOR:
THE LATE
SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND.



THE "STOP-GAP" FRENCH PREMIER:
M. FRANÇOIS MARSAL.



CAUSERS OF GREAT PUBLIC INCONVENIENCE: MR. DAN CREED
AND MR. L. AKEHURST.

Mr. Herbert Frederick Elkington, who died at the age of seventy-three, was chairman of the famous firm of goldsmiths and silversmiths, Messrs. Elkington and Co., which was established in 1830. While at Oxford, he rowed in the Brasenose eight, and was in the same college's cricket and football teams.—Flying-Officer L. G. Lucas was one of the three victims of a collision in mid-air during formation flying near Grantham.—John Brownlee Lonsdale, first Baron Armaghdale, sat as Conservative Member for Mid-Armagh from 1900 until 1918, when he was raised to the Peerage. For many years he was Whip of the Irish Unionist Party.—Major-General Sir George Scott-Moncrieff was formerly Director of Fortifications and Works at the War Office.—Lieut. Pelletier Doisy arrived at Tokorozanda, near Tokyo, on the morning of June 9. He left Villacoublay Aerodrome, near Paris, on April 25, on a Breguet sesquiplane. His route was

over 11,500 miles. At Shanghai Lieut. Doisy wrecked his machine. He continued on a Breguet biplane lent by the Military Governor of Chekiang.—The first Viscount Pirrie entered Messrs. Harland and Wolff's [in 1862, and eventually became chairman. He held various official positions in Ireland, and he was appointed Controller-General of Merchant Shipbuilding in March 1918.—Sir (Henry) Mortimer Durand held various important positions, amongst others those of Foreign Secretary in India, Minister at Teheran, Ambassador at Madrid, and Ambassador at Washington.—M. Frédéric François Marsal became the French Prime Minister on June 8. It was understood that the Cabinet was only a stop-gap, to enable a message from the President to be conveyed to Parliament.—Mr. Dan Creed, leader of the unofficial Tube strike, is Secretary of the West Brompton District of the N.U.R. Mr. L. Akehurst is Joint Secretary of the Strike Committee.

ALFRED'S "MINT," AND TO-DAY'S, AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI.



MINTING A KING ALFRED "SILVER PENNY" BY THE METHODS OF HIS DAY: TAKING THE CRUCIBLE FROM THE CHARCOAL FIRE.



MAKING A "SILVER PENNY" OF ALFRED THE GREAT (A.D. 871-901) AT WEMBLEY BY THE ANCIENT METHOD: THE NEXT OPERATION—POURING MOLTEN METAL INTO A MOULD.



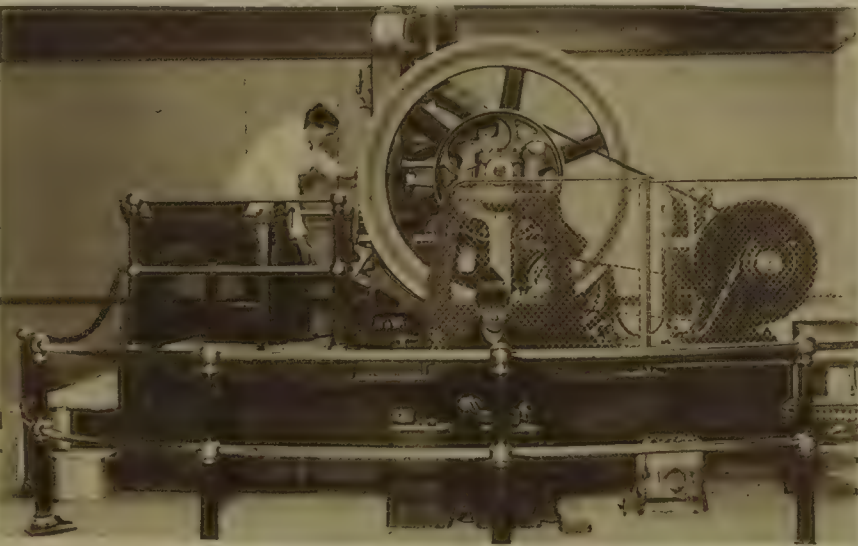
THE NEXT STAGE IN MAKING AN ALFRED THE GREAT "SILVER PENNY": FLATTENING THE COOLED METAL ON A BLOCK.



STRUCK AT WEMBLEY: AN ALFRED "SILVER PENNY"—OBVERSE (HEAD) AND REVERSE (MONOGRAM OF LONDON).



WITH THE METAL DISC BETWEEN THE DIES READY FOR STRIKING: A LATER STAGE IN THE MINTING PROCESS OF KING ALFRED'S TIME.



THE ROYAL MINT 1000 YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY: THE SAXON COINER AND HIS PLANT BESIDE A MODERN COIN PRESS THAT TURNS OUT SOUVENIR MEDALS AT 105 A MINUTE.



A CONTRAST TO THE OLD MANUAL METHOD: THE PRESS THAT TURNS OUT HUNDREDS OF SOUVENIR MEDALS DAILY—FEEDING BLANKS INTO THE SLOT.

The Royal Mint section of the Government Pavilion at Wembley has one of the most interesting exhibits in the British Empire Exhibition. It shows a coiner, dressed in the costume of the ninth century, making replicas (in base metal) of a "silver penny" of King Alfred the Great (A.D. 871-901) by the primitive manual methods of his day. The metal is heated in a crucible over a charcoal fire, beaten flat with a hammer, cut out into blank discs, and then stamped between two dies. The coins bear on the obverse the head of King Alfred and on the reverse the monogram of London. Each "Alfred penny" thus produced bears in minute figures the date 1924, so that it may not afterwards be taken as genuine. In contrast to the slow hand process of a thousand years ago is the modern minting machine, which stamps souvenir medals of the Exhibition (in two varieties) at the rate of 105 a minute.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT PALÆONTOLOGIST.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE world of science is the poorer to-day by the death of Dr. Charles W. Andrews, and it is but fitting that tribute to his memory should be paid on this page. For wherever men are charged with the task of interpreting the dry bones of creatures of bygone ages his loss will be deplored, inasmuch as he was one of the greatest authorities of his time on all that pertained to the study of the higher fossil vertebrates. He was, moreover, a man of singular charm, who at all times willingly placed his great knowledge at the service of those who needed it.

The readers of *The Illustrated London News*, indeed, were more often indebted to him than they wot of, for he always held himself ready to serve this journal, even though it did not always appear that he was the source of the information given, for he could seldom be induced to write non-technical essays.

Dr. Andrews died on May 25 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, after a long illness borne with great courage and cheerfulness. For long years, indeed, he had lived under the shadow of death. But this was known only to his intimate friends, among whom it was my privilege to be reckoned. And we marvelled at his courage. A graduate of the University of London, he was appointed in 1892 to the staff of the Geological Department of the British Museum of Natural History, and he died in harness.

To a profound knowledge of his subject he brought to bear a singularly clear vision and power of interpretation. This was the leaven, indeed, which imparted to all his restorations of extinct animals that

water. It has more than once been suggested that the oft-described sea-serpent may be one of the last survivors of this extraordinary creature.

On the subject of fossil birds he also wrote a number of memoirs. The most interesting, and perhaps the most important, of these was that on the gigantic predaceous crane, *Phororhacos*, whose skull (Fig. 1) was bigger than that of a modern racehorse! During 1897-98 he carried out a most exhaustive

was published by the Trustees of the British Museum. His vivid field notes in this volume are a delight to read. I still recall the thrill of pleasure which was mine when I first read his descriptions of the habits of land-crabs which climb the trees for coconuts, and of the courting habits of the frigate-bird. He brought back with him specimens of the native rat (Fig. 2), a species peculiar to the island, but since exterminated by the brown rat. This latter species made its way to the island from the vessels owned by the company formed to exploit the rich deposits of phosphates discovered and located by Andrews's careful survey. He used whimsically to refer to the vast revenues derived by that company as a consequence of his work there—he got the kudos, the company took the cash!

His greatest achievement, undoubtedly, was his wonderful monograph on the Tertiary vertebrata of the Fayum, Egypt. This was written after his expeditions there in 1903 and 1904. Every page of this work bears testimony to his ripe judgment, fine descriptive powers, and rare gifts of interpretation. To these qualities, we owe the singularly minute, though nowhere trivial, account of that extraordinary creature the *Arsinoitherium*, the skull of which is shown on this page (Fig. 3). Africa, even to-day, harbours some strange beasts, but they pale into insignificance before this and the scarcely less remarkable *Mœritherium*, the pigmy ancestor of the elephants (Fig. 4). He traces for us here the several stages in the evolution of these proboscideans, and with the firm hand of a master. Here, too, he describes ancestral forms of the Sirenia—the halibore, dugong, and manatee—and of the whales. The skull of

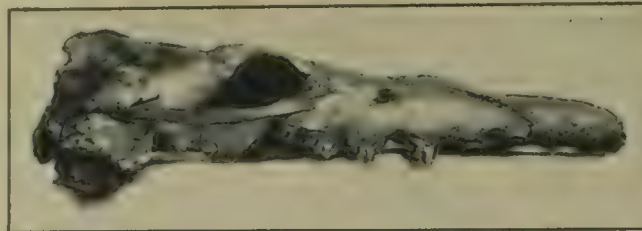


FIG. 5.—EVIDENCE THAT THE FAYUM REGION WAS NOT ALWAYS A DESERT: THE SKULL OF *PROZEUGLONDON* FOUND THERE—A CONTRAST TO EXISTING CETACEANS.

survey of Christmas Island, Indian Ocean, which down to a few years ago was probably the only existing tropical island of any extent that had never been inhabited by man, civilised or savage. No more



FIG. 3.—ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF EXTINCT MAMMALS: THE SKULL OF *ARSINOITHERIUM*, DISCOVERED BY DR. ANDREWS IN THE FAYUM, EGYPT.

suitable explorer could possibly have been chosen. He had to fulfil the double rôle of naturalist and geologist, and he amply justified his mission. He



FIG. 2.—DISCOVERED BY THE LATE DR. C. W. ANDREWS ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND: THE NATIVE ISLAND RAT, LATER EXTERMINATED BY THE BROWN RAT INTRODUCED BY TRADING SHIPS.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

brought back specimens of every kind of living creature and plant to be found on the island, as well as an extraordinarily complete account of its geological formation. A monograph of the results of this visit



FIG. 4.—THE PIGMY ANCESTOR OF THE ELEPHANTS: *MœRITHERIUM*, AN EXTINCT PROBOSCIDEAN THAT ONCE INHABITED THE FAYUM (A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING).

Though now a desert, the Fayum must have supported a rich vegetation at the time these strange creatures lived.

"Prozeuglodon," figured in this monograph, is shown in the annexed photograph (Fig. 5). How different it is from that of existing cetaceans, not only in the matter of shape, but also in the form of its teeth, will be seen at a glance. The gaps which yet remain to make the chain complete will doubtless come to light in the course of time.

A new species of ostrich-like bird, and several new species of fossil crocodiles and tortoises, are also described here. And these all furnished important additions to our knowledge of these groups. Soon after the appearance of this "Descriptive Catalogue," as it was officially called, he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. Never was that distinction more merited.

In 1916 he was awarded the Lyell Medal of the Geological Society, and later was elected to the Athenæum. But these were not the only proofs of the esteem in which he was held among men of science; for on more than one occasion he was selected as President of the Geological Section of the British Association, but his health made acceptance impossible. One cannot but regret that this should have been so, for his Presidential Address would have given, we may safely say, one more illustration of his profound wisdom and remarkable ability. Posterity will endorse the appraisal of his contemporaries, but they will lose much in having been born too late to know the man. For his quiet, pungent humour was a part of himself, to be enjoyed only by his colleagues and his intimate friends, of whom he had a wide circle. To us his loss is irreparable.

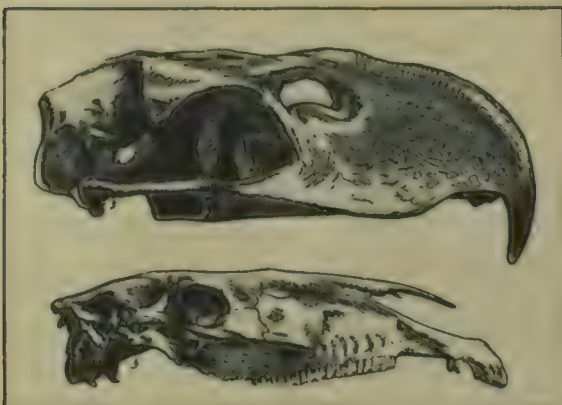


FIG. 1.—BIGGER THAN THAT OF A MODERN RACEHORSE: THE SKULL OF THE GIANT CRANE, *PHORORHACOS*, FROM THE SANTA CRUZ FORMATION, PATAGONIA.

brilliant, pulsating sensation of reality which so few can achieve. But before these restorations could take shape a vast amount of laborious work had to be done, even though he was equipped with a knowledge of what most people would call "uninteresting details" that was both wide and deep, embracing, as it had to, the anatomy of both fossil and recent forms. His ability to name even fragments of bones was almost uncanny—and I speak from an intimate knowledge of his work. It would be impossible here to give an adequate survey of all that he wrote during his two-and-thirty years of active work, even if this were expedient. It will suffice to give a broad survey of his labours such as will show the great range of his knowledge.

On the subject of fossil reptiles he wrote much. And perhaps his "Descriptive Catalogue of the Marine Reptiles of the Oxford Clay," published by the Trustees of the British Museum, represents his greatest achievement in this field. Only those who know something of the difficulties which confront any attempt to interpret the bones of fossil reptiles can properly appreciate the brilliant manner in which he fulfilled this task. For he not only reconstructed their complex skeletons, but he conjured up vivid mental pictures of the mode of life of these creatures to account for their structural peculiarities. Much of this fine memoir is concerned with those old sea-dragons the Plesiosaurs, of which there were short and long-necked types. One of the latter had a neck no less than twenty-three feet long, which had to be supported by a nine-foot body! This creature, he pointed out, after a study of the fossilised contents of the stomach, must have fed as the long-necked swans do, tilting the tail up in the air to reach their food at the bottom of the



Chatsworth House.

A Quarter-Mile Frontage

IN "Peveril of the Peak," Sir Walter Scott has perpetuated the name of that powerful family which formerly owned the beautiful expanse of woodland, hill and river, in which is set the private palace most modestly named Chatsworth House. Since the 16th century the estate has been in the possession of the Cavendish family, but the present edifice of classic design was built at the end of the 17th century by William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire.

Chatsworth is famed for many features. It has a wonderful façade which, with the terraces, is nearly a quarter of a mile in length; the conservatory, unequalled in Europe, covers nearly an acre; the gardens and park are almost incomparable, being rivalled only perhaps by Versailles. Adequately to describe the interior in a few words would be impossible. Every department contains exquisite works of art, pictures and sculptures by famous old masters, furniture and furnishings, all full worthy of their place in such a mansion. Perhaps, however, the elaborately carved woodwork of doors, mantel-pieces and panelling may be singled out for special mention, for research attributes this beautifully executed 17th century work, not to Grinling Gibbons as formerly supposed, but to a local craftsman, Samuel Watson. The seventeenth century will live in history for many remarkable productions, including, we may add, the famous John Haig Scotch Whisky, which steadily maintains its three hundred years' reputation for perfection of quality and maturity.



MAPLE TABLE, late 17th Century

Dye Ken
John Haig?



By Appointment

The World of Women

THERE was certainly an air about the wedding of Lord and Lady Desborough's elder daughter. The Air Force did its Marshal, Sir John Salmond, every honour. There was the band, a guard of honour of fourteen officers in review-order uniform, and men standing shoulder-to-shoulder to line the path from the west door of St. Margaret's to the rails where cars waited. There were many officers of the force, including Air Marshals in mufti as guests; altogether, it was an airy, if not breezy, affair. The reception at Hampden House was very jolly, the boy pages and the girl rose-petal scatterers dancing and playing and laughing and shouting on the hard tennis-court outside the dining-room windows. Many elders sat eating ices and sandwiches and looking on, while others viewed the pretty scene from the downstairs windows or from the balcony of the ball-room. Happily, the weather kept up just for the wedding, which was meteorologically courteous of it. Dame Margaret Lloyd George was there, and so was Mrs. Asquith. They smiled at each other, perhaps as amicably as could be expected. Mrs. Asquith was quite charmingly dressed in ivory foulard printed almost all over with a design in beaver-grey. At the reception all coats and cloaks were laid aside, and the very pretty dresses worn could be appreciated. The Duchess of Portland wore a lovely one of moiré Nottingham lace, very silky and ethereal-looking, and such a pretty copper-red tissue hat! The Duchess of Sutherland wore a pale fawn-coloured dress, with lines of jade-green on the bodice, and a black hat. The Marchioness of Hartington was in dark blue, and wore a long coat embroidered in many colours. Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, the

principal bride of this week, looked very attractive in soft red. It was a very pretty wedding, charmingly arranged, so that it may be recalled even so far after the event.

Miss Barbara Murray, who is engaged to Lord Doune, belongs to a family socially important in New York. She left America last March, and was present at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Iris Margaret Cutting, to the Marquis Antonio Origo, which took place, it will be remembered, at the Villa Medici, near Florence, the home of the bride's mother, Lady Sybil Scott, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Desart. The Villa was lent to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles for their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Murray and their daughter are now back in New York, as Miss Barbara Murray was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Barbara Whitney to Mr. W. Barklie Henry on the 5th, and will next month be bridesmaid again to Miss Joan Whitney when she marries Mr. Charles Shipman Payson on the 5th. Miss Murray's sister is the wife of Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler jun. Her father is a retired New York lawyer, and her mother was Miss Alice Rathbone. My kindly American correspondent, whose name I do not know, has supplied me with this information about this newest American recruit to our nobility. As all the bride-elect's friends are in America, her wedding will almost certainly take place there.

Brigadier-General Cornelius and Mrs. Vanderbilt have taken Spencer House from Earl Spencer for the rest of the season, and will probably entertain there rather extensively. I do not know if they intend to have their big ship-rigged, three-masted auxiliary motor yacht at Cowes this year, but should think it likely, since the Regatta weeks on the Solent appeal to them much. Miss Grace Vanderbilt enjoys the sea and all the social intercourse of the season. She dresses well and looks smart, and is a good dancer and fair tennis player. Spencer House is a fine one, and many fine parties have been given in it. The late Princess Christopher of Greece, the American-born Mrs. William Leeds, had Spencer House until she died. Lord and Lady Spencer will be of the Governor of Northern Ireland and the Duchess of Abercorn's party at Clondeboy to meet the Duke

and Duchess of York. Clondeboy is a delightful place at Helens Bay, on Belfast Lough, belonging to the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who has lent it to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn until their own official residence, within easy reach of the capital, is ready for them.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne have gone to Kerry. It is brave of them, for their beautiful house, called Derreen, ideally situated near the sea in the Kenmare country, was burnt; and all its treasured contents destroyed. They are now about to start the rebuilding of it. Lady Lansdowne greatly loves the place, and also loves the people and is loved by them. They are even more distressed than the owners at what has been done: the point is, will they ever have the courage to prevent its being done again? There is not the same danger now that gunmen and guns are scarce.

In June furs should be out of season; but this particular showering June they are not. Long chinchilla and moleskin coats have not seemed out of place. For the most part, ostrich feathers are used to simulate fur, and are lighter in weight and lighter to look at. A favourite way to use this trimming is to border draperies now more elaborately than ever. The Queen has taken quite a liking to this feather fur, and so have a few of the Duchesses and other leaders of our dress and our nobility; so we shall meet it at Ascot.

A. E. L.



Two fascinating wraps for the races which hail from Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The short coat on the left is of black marocain enriched with embroidery and plissé, and on the right is a graceful cloak of black lace with a collar of black and scarlet ostrich feathers. (See page 1134.)



Gaily coloured chintz outlined with gold and scarlet thread has been chosen by Goringe's to decorate this attractive summer coat. (See p. 1134.)

HEALTH DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

A Tonic Food Beverage.

Warm weather is responsible for a general feeling of lassitude and loss of appetite. There is little to please in the accepted dietary, but it is essential that sustenance in some form be taken, otherwise the health will suffer, the first signs of which is a feeling of irritation with everything. Now there is nothing better for preserving the health and conquering the feeling of nervous irritability than "Ovaltine," which builds up nerve, brain, and body. It is an excellent substitute for the early morning cup of tea, or it may be taken

cells just those necessary food elements which restore and maintain vitality.

Simple to Prepare. Among the many advantages of "Ovaltine" is that it is perfectly easy to prepare with milk or with milk and water. Should the latter method be adopted, take a quarter of a teacupful of hot or warm milk and fill up with boiling water. If desired, unsweetened condensed milk may be used. Then take two or more teaspoonfuls of "Ovaltine" and stir gently into the liquid until dissolved. Add, if necessary, sugar to taste. The beverage should not be boiled, but heated only to just above drinking temperature.

"Ovaltine" Rusks.

All and sundry are unanimous in their opinion that "Ovaltine" Rusks are perfectly delicious; but a fact that is not nearly

Pleasant and Palatable.

Cristolax, of which A. Wander, Ltd. are the manufacturers, is sold by all chemists. It is a pleasant and palatable laxative, nutrient, and digestive. It is invaluable for infants, children, invalids, and the aged. It is not a secret remedy, but is an ideal combination of the finest and purest medicinal liquid paraffin with "Wander" malt extract. The disagreeable oiliness of the paraffin is entirely disguised. Not only is it a laxative, but its regular use improves nutrition and bodily vigour. Another point to be noted is that it can be taken over prolonged periods without the necessity of increased dosage. For babies Cristolax should be added to several of the bottle feeds or given separately dissolved in a little water. Besides keeping the bowels in a healthy condition, it makes the milk feeds more easily digestible.



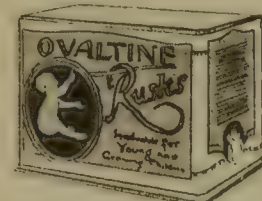
"Ovaltine" Rusks are perfectly delicious, is the opinion of the members of the older as well as the younger generations, especially in alliance with a cup of "Ovaltine."

during the morning, after a strenuous turn of professional or social engagements; and there is no more effective sleep-wooler at the end of the day. It supplies a reserve of strength with which to face the work of the forthcoming day.

Nature's Tonic Foods.

Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs, and flavoured with cocoa, only the vitalising and re-constructive elements being retained. It is so easily assimilated that it carries at once to the worn-out

users of "Ovaltine" tonic food beverage for a rusk possessing a higher nutritive value than ordinary rusks or biscuits. They are made from the finest wheaten flour, with which is incorporated a suitable proportion of "Ovaltine." They are delightfully crisp, slightly sweet in flavour, and sold by all chemists in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. tins. They are as warmly appreciated by members of the older as the younger generation, and are specially recommended for children when teething and for invalids. A cup of "Ovaltine" with an "Ovaltine" Rusk forms a satisfying meal.



A tin of "Ovaltine" Rusks sold by all chemists.

as widely disseminated is that they were introduced to meet the requests of a large number of medical men and



This small personage wishes to help in the making of her mother's cup of "Ovaltine," as she knows she will have her share.

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ENGLAND is at its fairest in the beautiful country district where delicious "Ovaltine" is made.

Soft wooded hills look down upon meadows deep in luscious grass. Here and there are quaint, old-fashioned villages and lovely verdant parks. Leafy lanes and rippling streams of purest water—the Gade, the Chess and the Colne—run through its valleys. The fresh country air is sweet with the scent of Nature's countless flowers.

Fitting indeed it is that the National

food beverage which gives health and strength to young and old should be made in such a healthy environment.

And the factory itself is the ideal of what a factory should be. Spotlessly clean, full of sunshine and sweet country air, and surrounded by gardens and playing fields to make a happy and healthy staff—such is the home of "Ovaltine."

The 'Ovaltine' Factories at Kings Langley, Hertfordshire

THE PLAYHOUSES.

AN ARNOLD BENNETT HERO AT DRURY LANE.

YEARs ago, when "Milestones" was a new thing in the theatre, some of us used to speculate as to whose was the bigger contribution to this play of joint authorship—Mr. Arnold Bennett's or Mr. Knob-



AFTER THE DELUGE ON DERBY DAY: LORD LONSDALE, UMBRELLA IN HAND AND CIGAR IN MOUTH, INSPECTING THE CUT-UP RACE-COURSE.

As a result of the deluge on Derby Day, various vehicles so cut up that part of the race-course over which there is right-of-way near Tattenham Corner, that the first race on June 5 had to be abandoned, and the third was postponed until the Friday. Lord Lonsdale, a Steward of the meeting, made a personal inspection, and came to the conclusion that racing could not be held on the five-furlong course.

Those races that were decided took place on the round course.

Photograph by L.N.A.

lock's; our decision was that probably the stagecraft was Mr. Knoblock's and the ideas came from Mr. Bennett. Once more the two playwrights are

to be found collaborating—this time over a spectacular drama for Drury Lane, their new association coinciding with Mr. Basil Dean's assuming control at the famous house—and here there can be little doubt about Arnold Bennett's share in the partnership. Of his devising, obviously, is the hero of "London Life," if not also the major part of the story. This breezy and ambitious Five Towns solicitor who wants more scope than he can obtain in the Midlands and so comes to London, where he soon makes headway in Parliament, loses his bearings in more senses than one, and becomes a Cabinet Minister, only to fall from greatness as the result of scandal and intrigue and the mixture of his own vices and virtues, has the Bennett hall-mark all over him—a true blood brother of "The Card"; and equally to be set down to Mr. Bennett's account is the note of admiration for pushfulness and the cult of success which runs through the tale. Where Mr. Knoblock's work comes in is less easily identified, but the collaborators between them have furnished the scenic artists with occasions for producing those replicas of familiar spectacles which Drury Lane audiences love—e.g. the Terrace of the House of Commons at the tea-hour, an interior of the Colonial Office, and an Italian ballet staged at a country house—and all are done on a fine big scale. Moreover, they have added a sufficient dash of love and villainy to the well-spiced fare they provide. It must be admitted that the hero's love-passages are not always innocent, and that Miss Lilian Braithwaite for once is asked to figure as a married woman whose morals are sadly speckled. But the Five Towns sinner atones for much when, on being faced with the choice of marrying his daughter to a blackguard or tumbling to ruin, he chooses ruin and begins his climb all over again. Who could help forgiving such a father? Surely no one at Drury Lane. Mr. Basil Dean therefore would seem to have started his Lane management with a "certain winner," and he has gone far

to deserve his luck in the selection of his cast. Mr. Ainley, of course, with his resonant voice and his sense of character, is the ideal actor for such a rôle as that of the Five Towns worthy. Miss Mary Jerrold, again, could not be bettered to play the part of a domesticated and pardoning wife. Miss Braithwaite serves as an admirable foil, and is no less charming. And successes are also scored by Mr. Frank Cochrane, Miss Helen Spencer, and Miss Olive Sloane.

MISS ELSIE JANIS "AT HOME" AT THE QUEEN'S.

Miss Elsie Janis is back in London after three years' absence, and "at home," as she promises to be for some time to come, at the Queen's Theatre, shows very pleasantly that she has lost none of her piquancy and high spirits, and can still do what she likes with West-End audiences. On her shoulders falls most of the hard work involved in the new programme she presents; they are well able to bear the burden. Whether she is giving negro turns or contrasting

(Continued on page 1136.)



STRANDED IN A SEA OF MUD AFTER DERBY DAY; BUSES AND OTHER VEHICLES ON THE HILL BELOW TATTENHAM CORNER.

Many vehicles, including a large number of buses, sank so deep in the mud that it was extremely difficult to extract them, and, in a number of cases, they had to remain all night.

Photograph by L.N.A.

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Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 6d.



Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Motorists and Public Garages

by
W. BOYLE
Editor of The Garage

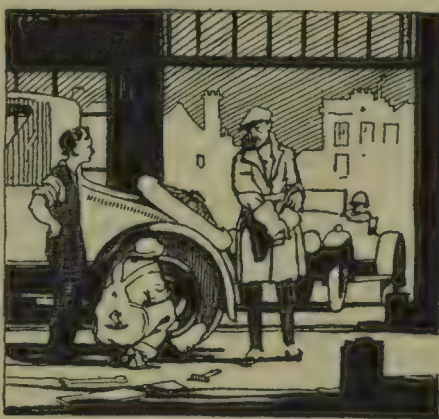


SOMETIMES motorists complain that their instructions for repairs or adjustments to be carried out to their cars are not attended to by public garages. The fault is not always that of the garages. Motorists are inclined to regard any mechanic or other employee whom they first encounter in a repair works as competent to receive orders direct from customers. In any well-managed garage this is not so, for it is obvious that instructions must pass through the office if they are to be properly recorded and executed under supervision.

It is, therefore, important to ask for a member of the staff of a garage who has authority to accept instructions, and advisable to see that he makes a written note of the details, so that there may afterwards be no difference of opinion as to what was ordered to be done.

Many up-to-date garages now make a point of confirming all instructions for repairs, an acknowledgment form being made out while the motorist is giving the order, which he is then asked to sign. This system is obviously to the interests of all concerned, for a copy of the form is retained by the garage, and there cannot be any subsequent misunderstanding.

If a car has to go into a repair works and remain there for longer than a day, all loose articles should first be removed and left at home. Odd tools and other articles lying about in the door pockets and under the nest cushions are a source of much worry to garage proprietors; not because of pilfering, but because such oddments easily become mixed up with their own or other



customers' property. The owner should, if the car is likely to be in dock for two or three days, go over all the detachable equipment that is on the vehicle, with one of the garage staff, and agree a written list with him.

This system is greatly to the advantage of both parties, for not only does it enable the garage people to have everything ready when the vehicle is to be fetched away, but it also prevents the owner himself from making the mistake of insisting that a tool has been misappropriated when, in fact, the tool was not on the car when it was sent in. Of course, any special implements, such as valve and hub-cap spanners, should accompany the car on its going into dock.



A garage proprietor has a lien on any car for work that he may do to it; that is to say, he is entitled to retain possession of the vehicle until his account has been paid. When dealing with a garage where one is unknown the usual banker's or other substantial reference should be given, if credit is desired, so as to avoid delay in delivery when the repairs are finished.

Practically every garage concern disclaims, by notice and by conditions printed on their stationery, all responsibility for damage caused by fire, theft, or road accidents. Motorists need not worry much about this, for their own insurance policies, if those policies are on standard lines, cover these risks. If, however, a car is not insured, the owner should ask the garage management to have it covered temporarily, and should at once pay the appropriate premium; it will not be a great sum. The disclaimer does not relieve a garage proprietor of responsibility for damage caused by the negligence of his men; what is "negligence" is a question depending on the circumstances of any given case, but, roughly, it means failure to take such care of property in his charge as a reasonable man would take of his own goods.

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W. Boyle



Fashions and Fancies.

Toilettes for the Races.

The fashionable racing season is now in full swing, and several of the lovely wraps which have been created for it are pictured on page 1130. They may be studied in the salons of Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. In the centre is a diaphanous cloak of black lace and georgette, boasting a collar of scarlet and black uncurled lancer ostrich plumes. With it is worn a large black hat trimmed with a magnificent black-and-white pouffe of cross osprey. The graceful wrap on the left is of black marocain, richly embroidered, edged with a wadded border of plissé. It may be obtained for 14½ guineas. The chic little hat is adorned with a striking cross osprey mount springing from an ornament of galolith. The remaining model is of black silk marocain, lined with crêpe-de-Chine, and is reinforced with decorative motifs of chintz, the pattern being boldly outlined in gold and scarlet thread. The price is 12½ guineas.

Hats for Every Occasion.

There are delightful hats of every description to be found at Gorrings. Beautiful models trimmed with osprey and bird-of-paradise plumes vie with Bangkoks of every hue, ranging from 59s. 9d. upwards. Woven hemp hats which have almost the same appearance are only 27s. 9d., and picturesque affairs of raffia worked with flowers and birds in gaily coloured bass are obtainable for 30s., ideal hats for midsummer sunshine.

Inexpensive Bathing Suits.

June is the month for seriously considering the important question of an attractive bathing outfit. The true swimmer likes her suit to be neat as well as pretty, and the two sketched on this page are sure to win universal approval. The one on the right, completed by a fascinating beach cape to match, is of black-and-yellow stockinette, the two colours joined in an effective vandyked pattern, and may be secured for 25s. 9d. from Gamages, Holborn, E.C. The second suit is of the same material, and costs only 12s. 6d., available in several colour schemes. Plain regulation suits may be obtained from 1s. 9d. upwards; and those edged with a contrasting colour and completed with a skirt from 4s. 6d. Gay caps of every hue can be secured from 2s. 6d., some decorated with brilliant butterflies, others with captivating rubber flowers and bows; while for enthusiastic

divers there are workmanlike helmets of red rubber for 3s. 6d., or for 2s. 9d. in white. For the kiddies, nothing could be jollier than a little suit decorated



Two attractive bathing outfits from Gamages', Holborn E.C. The neat suit on the left is of navy stockinette edged with scarlet; and the second, of the same material, is expressed in black and yellow, with a gay cloak to match.

with an amusing embroidered rabbit. It is in yellow stockinette bordered with black, and costs only 2s. 7½d. Children's tunic suits range from 2s. 11d. and plain ones from 1s. 9d. upwards.

"A Festival of Fashion."

It is welcome news indeed that Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W., have just issued a well-illustrated summer catalogue, appropriately christened "A Festival of Fashion." Among its pages are found delightful frocks of Celes silk for 6½ guineas, in striped and Paisley designs; and well-tailored coat-frocks of washing crêpe-de-Chine, completed with cuffs, collars, and pockets of a contrasting colour, for 84s. For river and sports wear there are cool zephyr frocks for 32s. 6d., finished with collars and cuffs of finely tucked voile; while tennis frocks of pure Irish linen adorned with hand-drawn thread-work are only 33s. In the domain of hats there are some fascinating affairs made entirely of silk and velvet petals in artistic colourings for 45s. 9d., and shaded feather hats of every shape are from 17s. 9d. upwards. Long stoles of the fashionable clipped ostrich feathers can be obtained for 45s. 6d., and useful collarettes, which can also be arranged as a fichu, are only 23s. 6d., in several shades. It is impossible to do justice to the multitude of attractive possibilities in so small a space, and all readers should apply for a copy without delay. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Hairdressing While You Wait.

It is a distinct comfort in these busy days to be able to visit the coiffeur and to shop extensively under one roof. It should be remembered, therefore, that at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., there is a luxuriously appointed hairdressing saloon where every attention is available, from ordinary shampooing (price 2s. 6d.) and waving and dressing (3s. 6d.) to expert permanent waving and scalp massage. In addition, there are manicure and chiropody departments. The children have their own hairdressing salon under the charge of skilled assistants, and can be safely left there while parents complete their purchases. Full details can be obtained from the hairdressing brochure, which will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper.

Novelty of the Week.

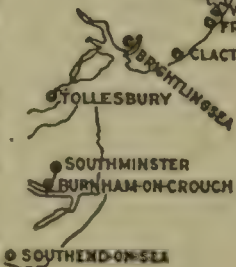
The "Beach Compactum," price 15s., is a wonderful innovation made of Terry towelling which is designed to fulfil with equal success the missions of a bathing wrap, a towel, a beach rug, and a hold-all (complete with straps), while afterwards it may be used as a dressing-gown. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address where it may be obtained.



Delightful East Anglia

THE Coast resorts of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk offer a great variety of choice to the holiday-maker, ranging from quiet villages to fashionable and popular resorts.

The district is noted for its bracing air, sandy beaches and natural advantages for all forms of recreation, including a high sunshine and low rainfall record. First-class golf. On the near-by Norfolk Broads, the joy of the yachtsman, a week's holiday afloat can be spent at an inclusive cost of £4-0-0.



LNER

Ask for illustrated booklets, "East Anglia" and "Norfolk Broads," also Apartments and Hotels Guide, at any L.N.E.R. Office, or from Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C. 2.

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The TONE of the NEW Columbia Grafonola has shaken many "settled convictions."

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Every smoker is invited to State Express House, Wembley. There he will see the made-by-hand method in actual process, and leave this unique exhibit knowing exactly why "State Express" is so frankly regarded all over the world as the one *best* cigarette.

In every sphere of culture and refinement discerning men smoke State Express exclusively, as the one way to make sure that the next will be as perfect as the last.

STATE EXPRESS

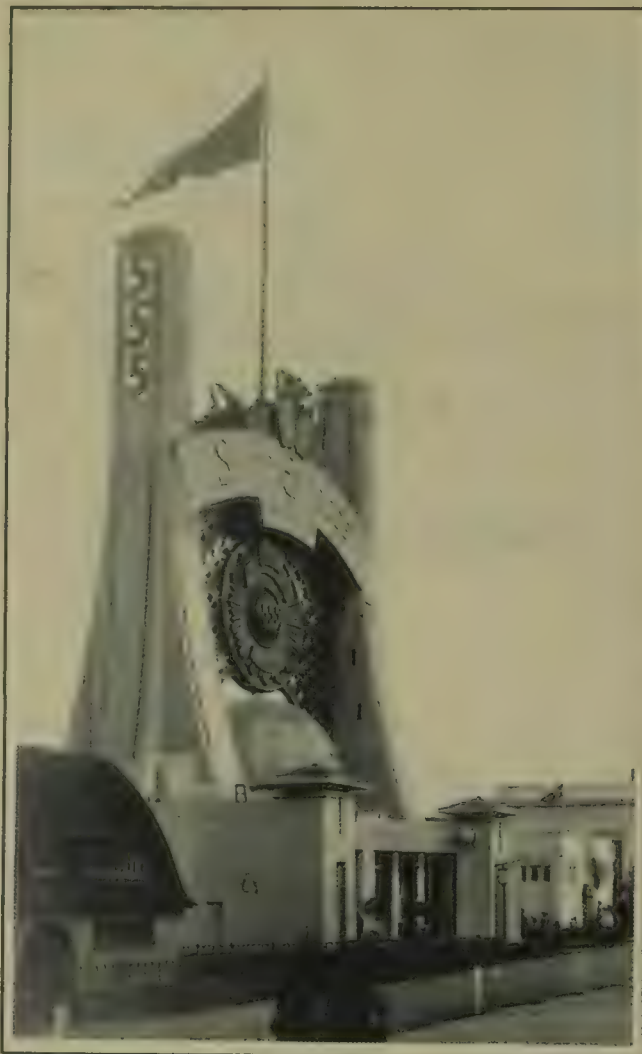
CIGARETTES

THE PLAYHOUSES—[Continued from page 1132.]

Cockney and French and Italian types, or mimicking well-known actors and actresses, or travestying the too-well-known song about bananas, she brims over with vitality and fun; while it is a nice point if she is not a better dancer than burlesque artist, which is saying much. She has supporters—a rag-time band; a Canadian baritone, Mr. Walter Pidgeon, who has a neat, quiet style; two coloured vocalists, Leyton and Johnstone, who also make good; two capital dancers in the persons of Mr. Ted Trevor and Miss Dinah Harris; and "Our Palace Girls," of whom the first-night playgoers would gladly have seen more. Fortunately, Miss Janis gives herself plenty of turns, not one of which could be spared.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE" REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

It is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with "The Great Adventure." The piece is too long, of course. But, despite its dragging last act, it easily ranks as the most attractive of Arnold Bennett comedies: so rich is it in wit, so ingenious is its vein of fantasy, so refreshing in her matter-of-fact charm is the Barrie-ish heroine, with whom the author pairs off his admirably studied artist-hero. What better start could you have for a play of humour and satirical intent than the idea of a great painter accepting the legend of his death, and the farce of a sham funeral at Westminster Abbey! Other men might have been content to work mere sensationalism from such a beginning. But Mr. Bennett, still youngish, had a thousand things he wanted to say about art and the artist, and wanted to show the artist's life as it really is. He succeeded in both his aims, with the result that his dialogue abounds in entertaining sallies, and his Ham Carve is a joy to watch and to hear. Moreover, choosing for hero a man indifferent to all other considerations but his work, and therefore exhibiting some of the qualities of a child, he had an object to serve in making his idealist turn instinctively for helpmate to such a mothering, managing type of woman as Janet. A mixture of insight and exuberant improvisation, the play seems still as gay in spirit as when first written. And it is acted well at the Haymarket. Not that Mr. Leslie Faber can banish memories of Henry Ainley in the part of Carve. The



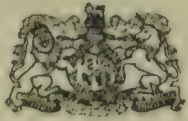
A NOTABLE LANDMARK IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: "STATE EXPRESS HOUSE" AT WEMBLEY.

Standing 150 ft. high, on 16,000 sq. ft. of space, State Express House is one of the first buildings to arrest attention as one approaches Wembley by road or rail. Inside, there is an interesting series of technical exhibits, and in the main hall a demonstration is given of the process of making "State Express" cigarettes by hand—one at a time.

childish, irritable, perverse side of the hero evidently appealed to Mr. Ainley's sense of character, and helped him to perhaps the greatest triumph of his career. Mr. Faber hardly gives us the "naughty boy" aspect of the artist; yet his performance is quite agreeable, if on somewhat heavy lines. Miss Hilda Trevelyan's reading of Janet differs from Miss Wish Wynne's, notably in scarcely suggesting in speech the plebeian origins of the little woman. Her Janet might have walked out of the pages of "What Every Woman Knows." But she is delicious notwithstanding, and fully worthy of the author and the play.

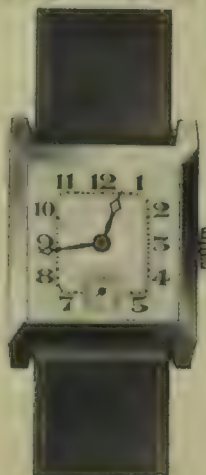
"IN THE NEXT ROOM." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

"Better than 'The Bat'" may sound high praise to give a new "crook" play; but such a compliment is no more than the desert of the new drama of crime and mystery which Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford have constructed round nothing more apparently exciting than a Buhl Cabinet. In the midst of some pretty and very natural love-passages between a girl and a boy of to-day, you see this harmless-looking piece of furniture brought on to the stage and inspected and carried out beyond the scene; and, lo! before one act is over the cabinet (or criminal connected with it) has brought about two murders while "In the Next Room." Straightway the sleuth-hounds of justice are set to work, strange characters appear, and various persons are suspect. A Frenchman with a game leg has a mysterious air about him—a footman acts hysterically—a lady's maid in search of letters makes sudden irruptions, followed by her mistress—an eye looks into the room where the cabinet lies, through shutter-holes—the shutters are forced, and an intruder challenged at pistol-point claims to be a famous detective: he reveals the fact that the cabinet conceals priceless diamonds, and also discharges prussic acid on those who handle it unwarily; and, of course, the detective is not what he seems. An excellent piece, in short, of its type, excellently interpreted at the St. Martin's. Mr. Francis Lister, Miss Nora Swinburne, Miss Stella Arbenina, and Mr. Hignett play the "straight" parts; and Mr. Nicholas Hannen, wonderfully disguised, manages to be three men in one.



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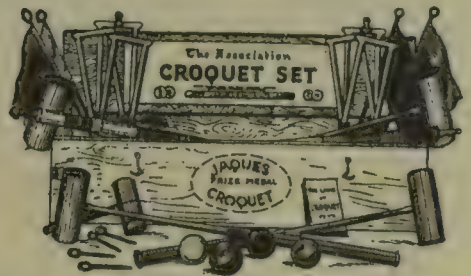
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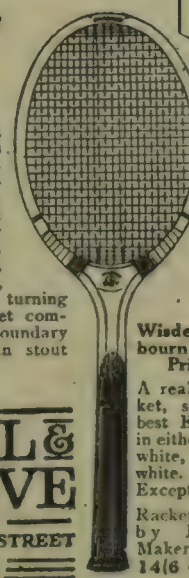
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L. T. PIVER, PARIS Estab'd 1774

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

On Super-charging.

The terrific speeds attained last year by the super-charged Fiat racing cars, combined with the fact that many, if not most, of the cars to take part in this year's Grand Prix race will be equipped with



ON VIEW IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY:
A SIX-CYLINDER 40-50 H.P. NAPIER LIMOUSINE.

some sort of super-charging device, has led to much speculation as to whether or not the super-charger is likely to become a component part of the touring car of the future. Before attempting to find the answer to this question, it is useful to regard the reasons which have led designers to employ devices for forcing the last cubic inch of combustible mixture into the cylinders. Obviously, the basic idea is to get as much power as possible out of small-bore motors which turn at immense revolution speeds. Most of the small racing engines of to-day have a normal revolution speed of some five thousand per minute, which sounds almost fantastic to those of us who can remember when an engine turning at fifteen hundred was regarded as a high-speed motor. I recollect an eminent engineer saying in my presence that the motor-car designers of the period were all wrong, and that to attempt the standardisation of an engine which turned at more than five hundred revolutions per minute was asking for trouble. He is

dead now, else I have no doubt his opinions on current practice would be worth having.

It can be laid down as a general principle that power is obtainable from an internal-combustion motor by way of two roads. In one case, the cylinder dimensions may be of ample size, as in American motor-car practice, and the motor may be run at a relatively slow speed. In the other, the cylinder capacity may be small and the power be obtained by running the engine at very high speed. To-day the small-car engine which is worth while at all habitually turns at nearer three thousand than two thousand revolutions per minute, and it is a poor one that will not exceed the former figure when it is asked.

The Influence of Rating.

It is perfectly clear that the higher the revolution rate, the less time there is during the working cycle for the cylinders to fill completely with mixture. It is possible to conceive a speed—in fact, it is even now being reached—at which the cylinders will be rather less than half full at the end of the suction stroke. Therefore,

the designer is driven to experiment towards some device which will force the charge in and ensure a full cylinder at the moment of firing. Hence we have come to the super-charger, which at present usually takes the form of a blower-fan worked by the engine. So far, with the single exception of the German Mercedes, the super-charger has not figured on any touring car of note—it has practically been confined to racing practice.

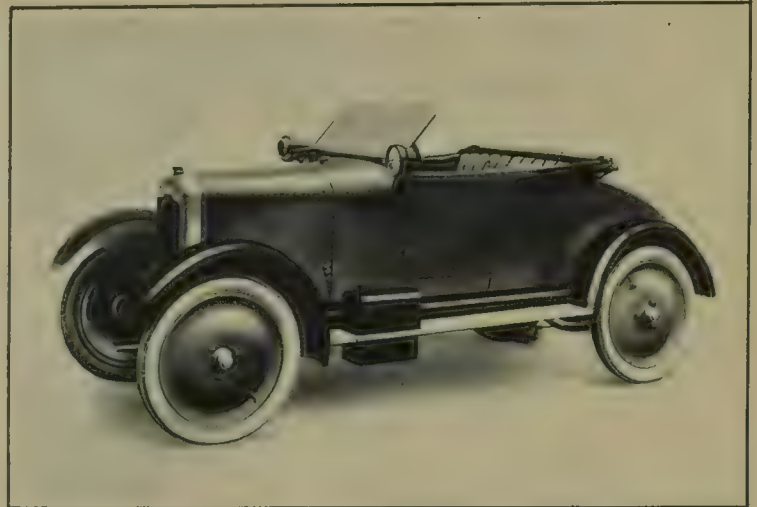
It is now pertinent to inquire what has prompted this striving for the last ounce of power output from the small-dimensioned motor. Without hesitation, I should ascribe it mainly to the present system of rating engines for taxation. Ever

since the Treasury formula was adopted, designers have been trying to defeat it—quite legitimately, of course. They have been wonderfully successful, too, and have given us a small engine which certainly has the merit of being super-efficient and has astonishing qualities of standing up to its work. In one way this is all to the good, and I am not among those who decry the formula as being an unmixing evil. Against the trend of development indicated there is this to be urged—that the small-engined car, while it is an excellent vehicle for use in countries with good roads, does not succeed as well as the American car, with its big "woolly" engine, in undeveloped lands, where the roads are merely tracks on which ample power at slow engine speed is the great desideratum. There is very little doubt that the Treasury rating has militated a great deal against the development of overseas trade in the British motor-car.

Revenons à Nos Moutons.

To return to the question of the super-charger as an integral part of the future touring car, my own opinion is that it is bound to come unless the present system of rating for taxation is amended. Nor will

(Continued overleaf.)



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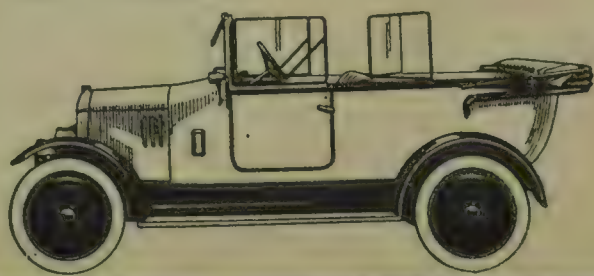
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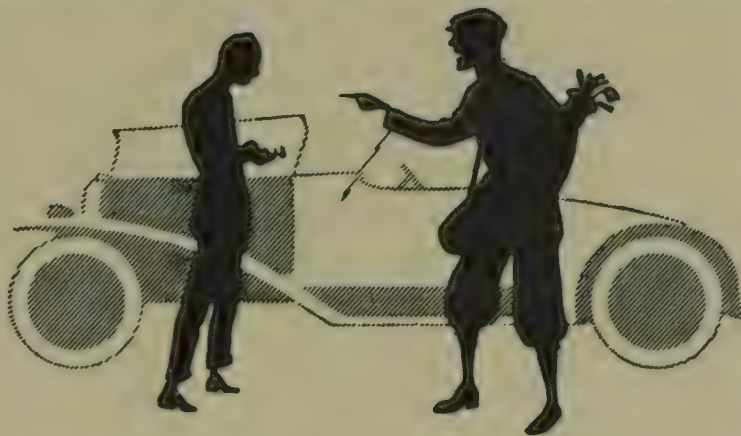
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(Continued.)

it be sufficient merely to amend it. Supposing, as has been suggested, the Treasury were to adopt the system of rating by cubical contents, we should still be up against the necessity of producing engines that would defeat it by developing more horse-power than the formula indicated. To my mind, the only way in which a reversion to the big engine could be induced would be through the medium of a fuel tax. To illustrate what I mean, let us take the hypothetical case of two engines—one of 1500 c.c. capacity, and the other of 3000 c.c. Supposing we adopt the formula which has been advocated and rate each 100 c.c. at 1-h.p., then, obviously, the former would pay half the tax of the latter, and we should see designers striving to get as much power out of it to-morrow as the 3000 c.c. engine delivers to-day. But if we reverted to the fuel tax only, the main temptation would be removed, and we should see a move made towards the engine of about this size, which has very obvious advantages over the smaller motor. As we do not seem at all likely to see any such reversion, it logically follows that designers and constructors will continue to follow up their success in extracting more and more power from tiny cylinders. We have got to a stage when it seems that the only method of so doing is through the use of the supercharger. *Ergo*, it equally seems to follow that we are destined to see the super-charger as much a part of the touring car of commerce as the magneto.

R.A.C. Guides' Service. The work done by the large number of R.A.C. guides on duty on the leading main roads throughout the country is highly appreciated by motorists

generally. This is proved by the number of letters continually received by the secretary of the club expressing gratitude for services rendered. One such communication received last week is unusually interesting, for it records an incident that occurred on the Bath-London road, where one of the club guides

enables us to understand better their properties, and to know for what sort of cases they are best suited. Vittel (Grande Source) claims to be specially effective for chronic gout, arterio-sclerosis, high blood-pressure. It is diuretic, and dissolves uric acid and the toxins in the system, while it stimulates the liver and cleanses the kidneys. Vittel Water is particularly appreciated by people in middle life engaged in sedentary occupations. It may be taken daily during or between meals, alone or with wine or spirits. In chronic cases, the best results are obtained by taking a tumblerful at night before retiring, and another on rising in the morning.

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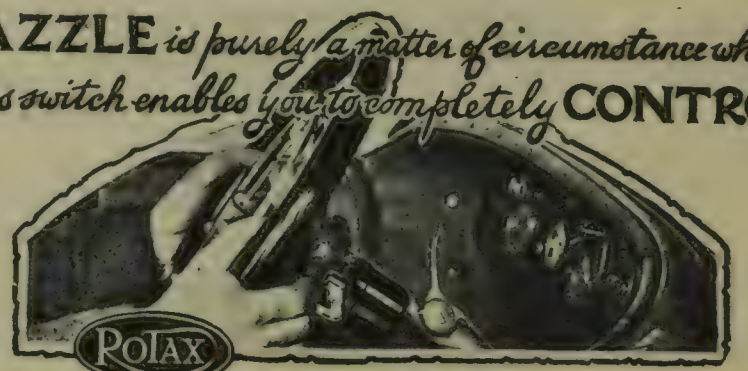
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE ARMS OF THE SUN. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although the Dark Continent is not so dark as it was when Rider Haggard wrote "King Solomon's Mines," it still keeps up its reputation in fiction for always producing something new in the way of marvels and mysteries. Indeed, the more Africa is opened up, the more marvellous and mysterious are its hidden secrets which imaginative novelists reveal. This is the day of the woman traveller, and it was fitting that a writer well known herself in that capacity should make her heroine a kindred spirit. Lady Dorothy Mills's book "is the story of the most weird and thrilling adventure of Rose Caryll, the beautiful and fashionable young widow, who was also a famous explorer," and tells "how she came to Krao ('the City where Men are Made'), what things of terror and wonder she saw there, for what fate she was destined, and how she was rescued by the pluck of two Englishmen who loved her." It is as though Mrs. Rosita Forbes had embarked upon a quest even more thrilling than an interview with Raisuli, and had fallen into the hands of a potentate more subtly cruel than the Rajah in "The Green Goddess," one who is planning to conquer the world with a Robot-like army of semi-human gorillas, produced by a transfusion of serum.

PELLUCIDAR: BEING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DAVID INNES IN THE LAND UNDERNEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST. By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

Even stranger than the adventures of Rose Caryll up the Niger are those of David Innes underneath the Sahara, for they cross the border of realism into the realms of fantasy, and the book traces descent rather from "Gulliver's Travels" and the romances of Jules Verne. "Pellicular" is the name of a wonderful world in the interior of our globe, and the story is a sequel to "At the Earth's Core," by the same writer, who, it may be recalled, is the author of the famous Tarzan tales. The framework is ingenious. A traveller in the Sahara discovers by accident a telegraph instrument buried in the sand, and ticking out a message which, being ignorant of the code, he is unable to understand. Later, he returns to the spot with a telegraph operator, to whom David Innes, from the subterranean land, relates his new experiences, in his quest of Dian the Beautiful and the recovery of his former empire. As readers of the previous story will remember, Pellicular is a vast continent of 124,000,000 square miles, with a perpetual midday sun, and inhabited by weird creatures, human and otherwise. The hero reached it in a huge burrowing machine which he calls a subterranean prospector.

THE TIGER OF BARAGUNGA. By J. INMAN EMERY. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story, which is No. 3 of Jarrolds' Monthly "Mystery" Novels, brings the reader back to the world of human

experience, though not experience of a conventional kind, for it is full of exciting and extraordinary events. The "Tiger" of Baragunga is a famous emerald, carved in the shape of a tiger's head, which brings dire misfortune on all but its lawful owners. Needless to say, it disappears, and with its disappearance is involved a sinister German plot against the British Empire, at the time of the great Durbar at Delhi. The Maharajah to whom the jewel belongs is suspected by a Government official of a share in the conspiracy, but the task of elucidating the mystery and exposing the culprits devolves upon the official's scape-grace but amiable son, who in the process encounters many adventures both in England and India. Naturally, there is a romantic element, closely concerned with the hero and the pretty daughter of an Anglo-Indian Colonel. Out of these materials the author has woven a very readable story.

AN OUTPOST WOOING: A ROMANCE OF EAST AFRICA. By NORA K. STRANGE. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

India, in its social and not its adventurous aspect, here provides a setting for the prologue, as it were, to the life-story of a well-connected orphan girl. She is sent out by her relatives to find a husband, but with marriage in sight she breaks off her engagement and returns. "As Walter broke failed to arouse her love, so India failed to awaken her imagination. All Joan Hervey asked of life was—freedom." So she qualified as an accountant and, after a few home billets, accepted an invitation from a friend of her mother's to join her in a suburb of Nairobi. At this point the real business of the book begins, and the bulk of it concerns Joan's experiences there. East Africa is not an overcrowded country in the world of fiction, though other parts of the continent have been well exploited by novelists. A story of life there has consequently a welcome freshness and interest, and this one, it may be added, is well told. It has an air of actuality and deals sincerely with the problems that face a modern young woman seeking to "make good."

FOUNDATIONS FOR DIVORCE. By MARY HARDY. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here also is a study of actual life as it affects modern womanhood, but, unlike the last book, it tells the heroine's life-story after, and not before, marriage. She is a young and sensitive Irish girl wedded to an eminent author, from whom she is gradually estranged through ill-health, money troubles, and an increasing mutual aversion. Both in its title and some of its incidents, the situation suggests a comparison with Miss Clemence Dane's play, "A Bill of Divorcement," for it presents the same question of insanity as a reason for divorce. Incidentally, mention is made of a man whose wife secured her freedom while

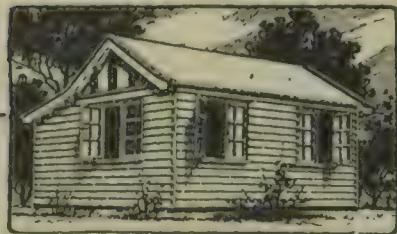
he was in an asylum. Later, he was discharged, cured. "When he came back to the world, he found no place for him; no welcome; no home; no fireside." Matrimonial quarrels, and the spectacle of a literary man's irritable mind giving way, in fits of berserk rage, do not make very cheerful reading; but the painful subject is handled with sympathy and a poignant sense of pathos.

ONE WHO PASSED BY. By THOMAS COBB. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is another tale of a woman's unfortunate marriage and its consequences. In this case it was drink, and not insanity, that was the destroyer of domestic happiness; but though the trouble may be more common, it is certainly no less trying. Family influences led Ernestine Latimer to marry a son of titled county people, who turned out to be not only a drunkard but a bully into the bargain. Disillusionment soon comes to the wife, and, of course, there is a former lover on the scene to sympathise with her distresses. Nemesis steps in, as often happens in fiction, to solve the complicated plot, but in doing so causes the lover to believe himself guilty, if not of having actually killed, at least of not having striven "officially to keep alive," as Clough's version of the Decalogue puts it. An unquiet conscience prevents him from taking possession of what might now be his, until the revelation of certain hidden events at length sets his scruples at rest. It is a story of a not uncommon type skilfully told by a practised hand, without going very deeply into character.

THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. A TALE OF YOUTH AFTER THE GREAT WAR. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Williamson's work has often been compared to that of Richard Jefferies, and in the "local colour" of his new story, there is much to justify the comparison. It is, indeed, the sense of beauty in nature, and the sympathy with wild life, running through it that give it originality and distinction. Its sub-title is borne out by the fact that it shows the unbalancing effect of the war on the minds of certain young men in matters of love and ethics. The scene opens at a North Devon village inn, and we are presently introduced to the hero, a young ex-officer living a hermit life beside the sea. Into it comes the inevitable woman, a peasant-born girl who has married "above her" and is gifted with more charm than principle. Tragedy comes for more than one of her lovers, when her inborn tendency to promiscuity is revealed. This is a crude summary of a book that is difficult to analyse. It is the third in the author's "quadrilogy" of novels under the general title, "The Flax of Dream." The first two were "The Beautiful Years" and "Dandelion Days." The fourth and concluding book, now in preparation, will be called "Smoking Flax."



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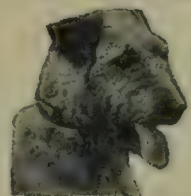
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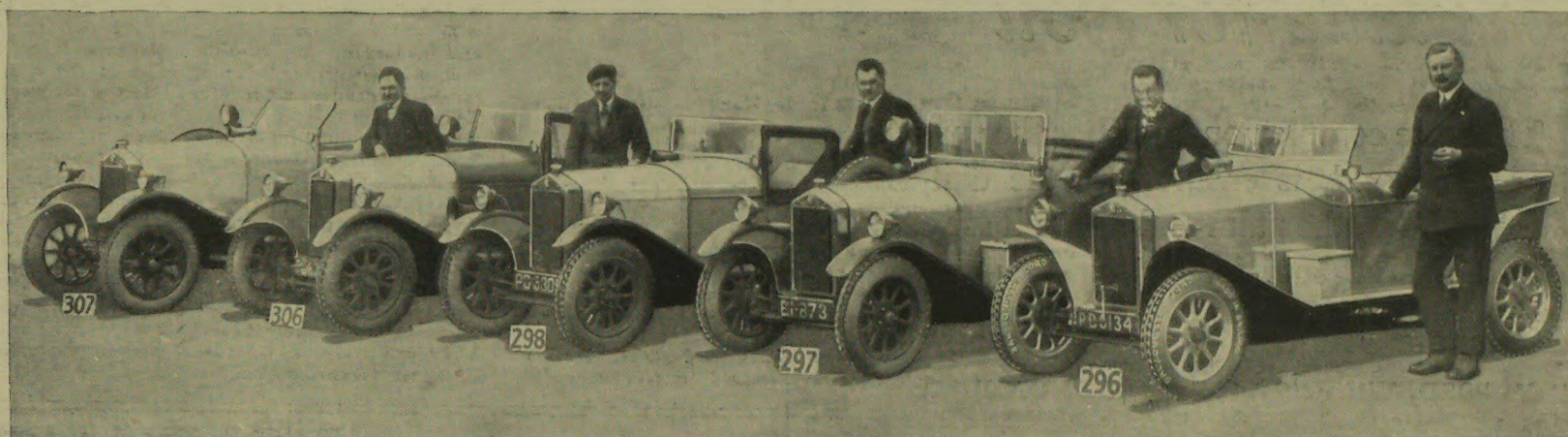
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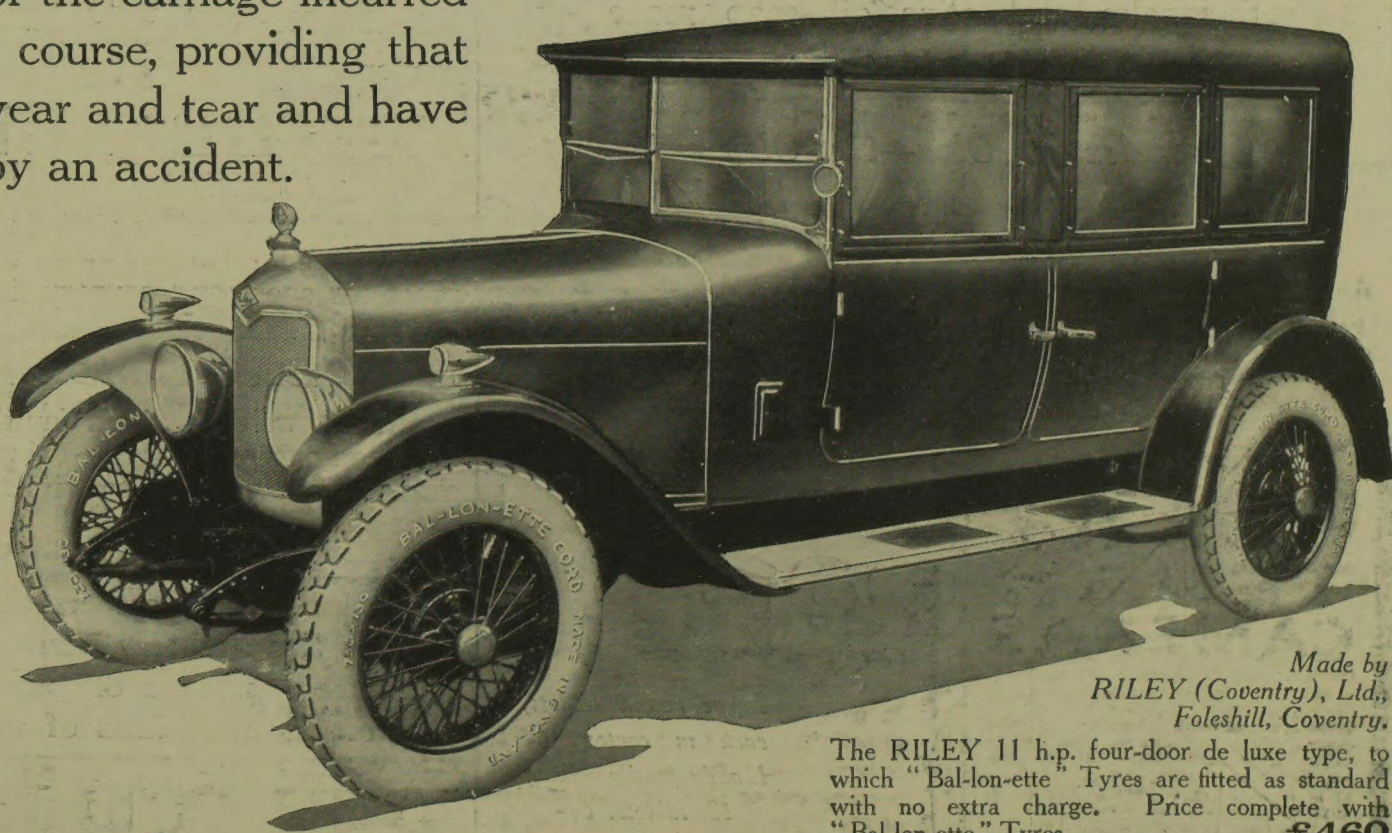
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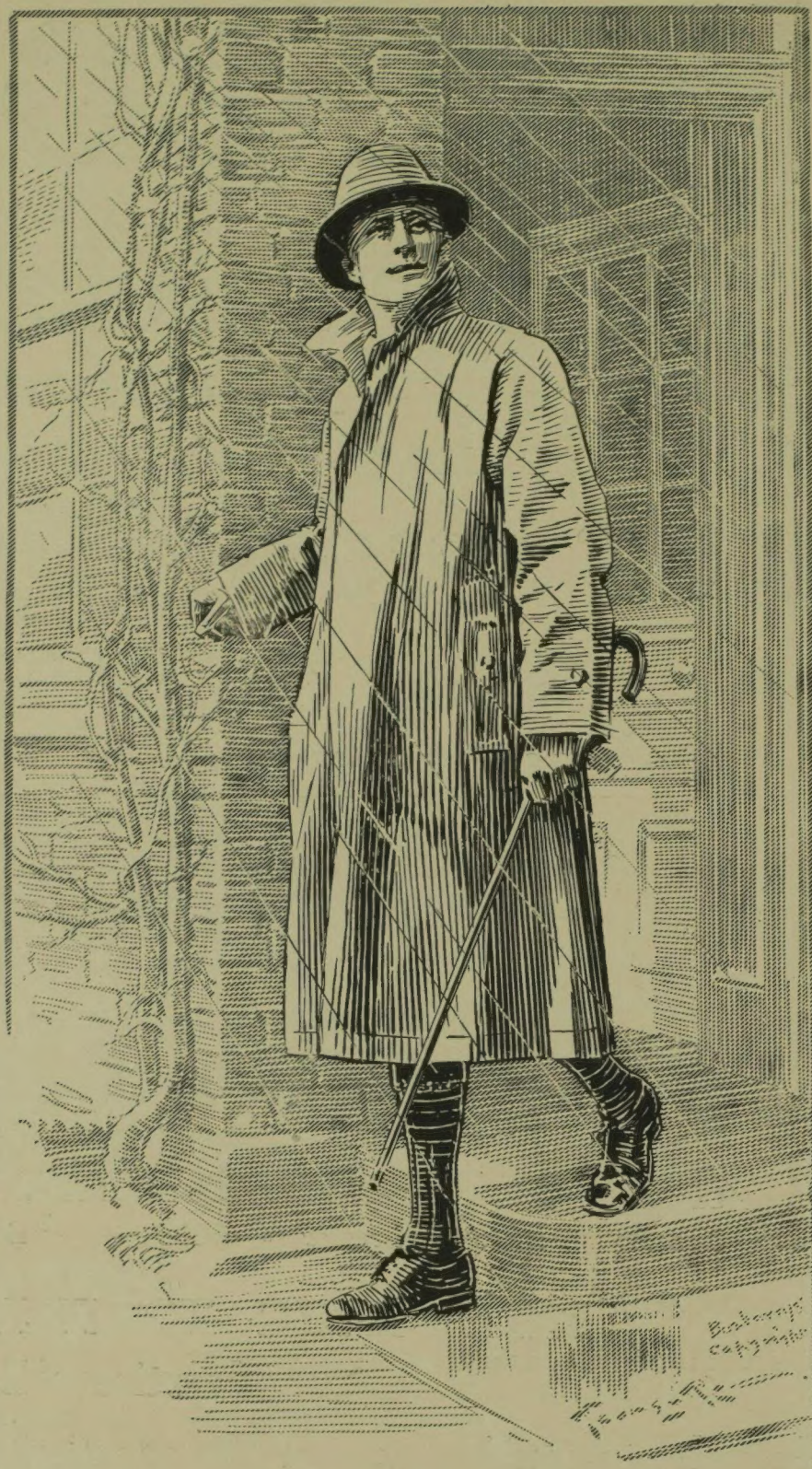
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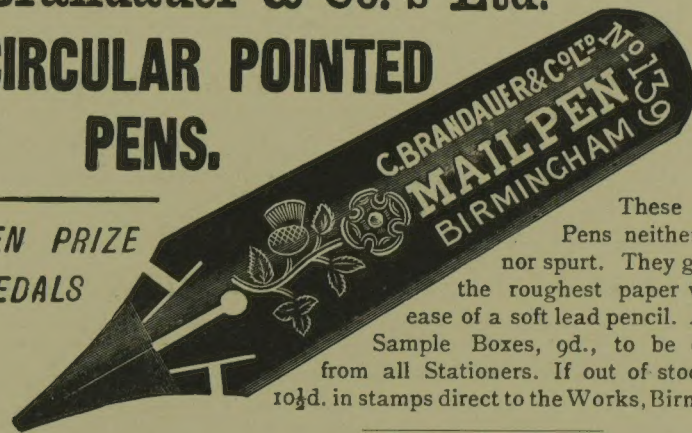
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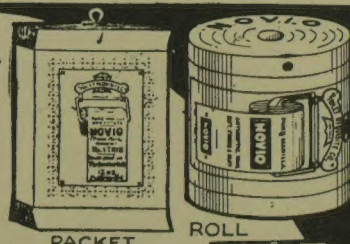
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